

THE LURE OF BOOKS

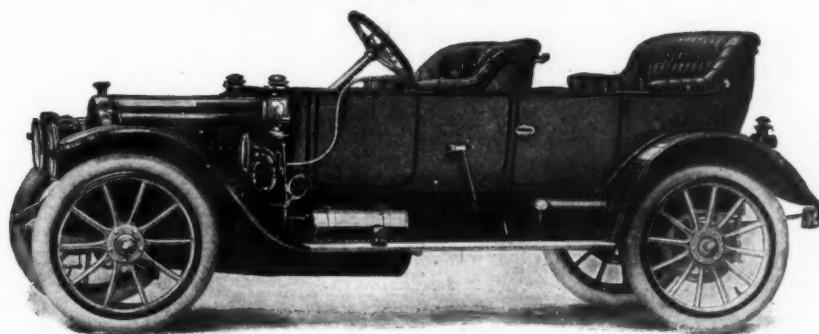
An illustration of a grand, multi-story house with classical architectural features like columns and a balcony. On the balcony, a group of people in early 20th-century attire are gathered. To the left, a man in a checkered suit is walking down a set of stairs. In the foreground, a man wearing a cap is driving a vintage open-top car. The car is a light-colored model with large spoked wheels and a spare tire mounted on the side.

Columbia "One of the THREE BEST cars built."

THOSE who are satisfied only with the best
use Columbia cars. Birth, tradition, environ-
ment and character forbid their accepting less.

The Columbia Motor Car Company
Hartford, Connecticut
Member A. L. A. M.

POUCHER



It's Motoring Time—It's White Time

☞ When the odor of the blossoming orchards—when the velvety carpet of countless meadows—when the lure of the road which winds in sunlight and shadows through all the splendor of awakening Nature—when all these invite you—call you—haunt your very dreams—it's Springtime—it's motoring time—it's WHITE time. If you never knew before, you realize then why an automobile was invented—why it has such a hold on

those who use them—why it has so much in store for you—it will make life mean more to you—it will make you a better business man—better fitted to cope with the world. There is something about the exhilaration of the game that clears away the cobwebs from the brain—it makes men capable, because it feeds the hungry soul starved by city conditions—it is a legitimate investment—a real asset for each urbanite.

The White Motor Car—The Kind You Want

☞ White gasoline motor cars are the kind of cars for the most of us—they are built on honor, of the best materials modern science has evolved. There is nothing better in any car at any price to make a car more durable or dependable. The White has one of the most modernly de-

signed engines—of the long-stroke type, which makes it powerful, while economical in the use of fuel. It will take you anywhere you want to go—anywhere that any car may go—with every comfort of any car, at a lower cost.

Judged by every test of operation—by every test that human mind can evolve, White cars are most satisfying

The White  Company

852 EAST 79th STREET, CLEVELAND



Oh, Girls!

The Summer Girl Number of Life is now on its way. Out next Tuesday.

From mountain top and valley, from seashore and from dune, the girls begin to rally beneath the loving moon; on many a back piazza, in many a starlit glen, the ardent lover has his June innings once again. And many a fond imbiber of love's sweet dulcet tone, will be a new subscriber, and come into his own.



Some Immediate Numbers

(Note: We have had to discontinue the practice of announcing our numbers too far ahead, for the reason that some of our esteemed contemporaries are too much interested in them. But the program of joy for the next four weeks is given below.)

June 15—Summer Girl Number. (See above.) Cover by Phillips.

June 22—Coronation Number. In which are given full particulars about our correspondent's management of King George's coronation.

June 29—Fourth of July Number. Cover by Kilvert. Issuing this number is strictly an original idea on our part, none having been issued since the last Fourth of July.

July 6—Fresh Air Number. Devoted to Life's Fresh Air Farm.

We Are Sorry to Mention Again

that little personal matter just between ourselves, but this is no time for compromises. The summer is ahead, and the most wonderful series of LIFES ever issued is coming. We don't want you to miss one copy, and we therefore must insist upon your availing yourself of our special offer to become a regular subscriber for the next three months. We would rather of course have you send in five dollars for a year's subscription, but if you don't care to take such a large risk as this, send in one dollar according to the terms set forth in the attached coupon. Don't put it off. Obey that Impulse!

On All
News-Stands
Every Tuesday
Ten Cents

Subscription	\$5.00
Canadian	5.52
Foreign	6.04



Enclosed
find One
Dollar (Can-
adian \$1.13,
Foreign \$1.26).
Send LIFE for
three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no
subscription renewed at this rate.
This offer is net.

LIFE, 17 W. 31 Street, New York

The film's the thing.

Upon the film depends the picture.

Camera and lens play their part, but most important to the success of your summer's pictures is the film.

Safeguard your results by insisting on the genuine Kodak film—the orthochromatic, non-curling, dependable kind—the kind that has the Kodak experience, and facilities and reputation behind it.

If it isn't Eastman, it isn't Kodak film.

At all KODAK dealers.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kodak City.



"SHALL I GO OVER THE CHIN AGAIN, SIR?"

"NO—YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING PARTICULARLY INTERESTING!"

To Take Better Pictures

Have you reached the point where you are not satisfied with ordinary pictures—where you would like an equipment that will always give you expert results? If so, it is time you knew the

GOERZ LENS

known among experts as the highest grade lens that can be bought—universally used by war photographers and professionals who must get perfect results even under difficulties. You can have your own camera equipped with the Goerz Lens. Ask your dealer, or

Send for Our Book on "Lenses and Cameras" of the greatest value to anyone interested in good photography

C. P. Goerz American Optical Co., 321D, E. 34th St., N. Y. City

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Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.



FOR your bride-to-be—or your bride of many Junes ago—a Detroit Electric.



No other bridal present means so much—expresses so perfectly all that you want it to say.

For the Detroit Electric is the standard of value—the highest compliment in selection that you can pay—the most *considerate* choice for her permanent happiness, comfort, luxury, safety.

The Detroit Electric is simple of control—responsive. Gives automatic protection in emergencies.

Our "Chainless" Direct Shaft Drive—a straight path of power—reduces number of parts and simplifies construction. No concealed chains. Pneumatic or Motz cushion tires.

Batteries optional—Edison nickel and steel, Ironclad, Detroit lead, or Exide lead batteries. The Edison and Ironclad at an extra cost. Book on request.

Anderson Electric Car Company

Dept. 4 Detroit, Mich.

Branches: New York, Broadway and 80th Street; Chicago, 2416 Michigan Ave.; Kansas City, Buffalo, Cleveland
Selling Representatives in all leading cities

THE Detroit ELECTRIC Chainless

No Time to Scold

A Western physician has two children, Ernest and Alice, aged nine and eleven respectively. Recently the doctor and his wife made a week-end trip to the country, leaving the children at home with the servants. They were to return Monday night on a train due at ten o'clock. The children wanted to meet them at the depot, and of course received very definite instructions not to do so.

When the parents arrived, at half past eleven, their train being an hour

and a half late, they were surprised to find Ernest and Alice waiting for them, and all alone. The mother rushed forward to expostulate, but was cut off by the shrill voice of Alice crying, "Hurry up, mother. Don't stop to talk. The taxi's up to seven dollars and sixty cents already!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

All Wear No. 2

"You women bear pain more heroically than men."

"Who told you that—a doctor?"

"No; a shoemaker!"

—*London Opinion*.

· LIFE ·

Ask the man who owns one

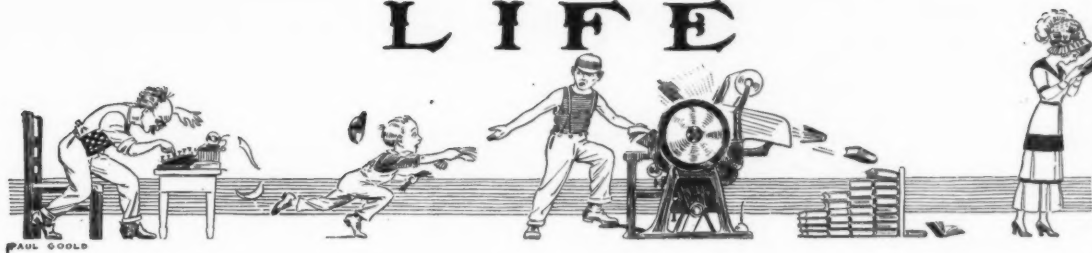
Packard
MOTOR CARS
1912



*The 1912 Packard
"Six" Touring Car*

Packard Motor Car Company Detroit

LIFE



Books

BOOKS are still being published in this country. Several rumors, exceedingly damaging to the book trade, to the effect that no more books will be issued, have been going the rounds, and we hasten to correct such erroneous impressions.

No attempt on the part of anybody has been made, of course, to assert or even remotely to hint that we are making a literature. Nobody, so far as we know, wants a literature. We prefer best sellers. When we really want a literature we shall no doubt have it.

In the meantime we wish to emphasize the fact that this year several books are being published that have never been published before.

Spring is the season of Nature's most lavish output—why not the publisher's also? Some people may object that the output of the publisher does not resemble that of Nature; but this criticism seems to us to be trivial. The simple fact that Nature and the publishers are working together means everything.

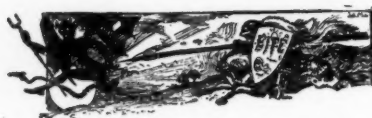
And therefore we are paeaning our pæans of literary joy. We celebrate books. We celebrate literary people. We hail authors and authoresses. We take off our hats to all typesetters, to all typesetting machines, to printing presses, and to the great public that devours the output thereof.

The glory is ours. No one can deprive us of it.



WHAT TO DO WITH THEM NEXT

SHOWING A YOUNG AUTHOR IN DIFFICULTIES WITH SOME OF HIS CHARACTERS, WHO OBJECT TO THEIR LINES



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVIII JUNE 8, 1911 No. 1493

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



IT is the shifting time of year in these parts. People have been getting into thin clothes and moving to the country; belts and straw hats have come to be details of the average man's attire; the women and girls on Fifth Avenue have been a daily wonder-show in their late spring gear; shades are down in whole rows of houses, and at week ends the automobiles stream out of town by bridge, ferry and north road. But June is a good month, even in New York.

Some of the local achievements in government in the closing days of May are worth notice. Mr. Cohalan was confirmed as a seventeen-thousand-dollar judge to succeed Judge O'Gorman, gone to the Senate. We all know Mr. Cohalan as the leading adviser of Charles Murphy. His business for some years has been that of counsellor and strategist for Tammany Hall, to win for the Hall when he could, and doubtless to share the ensuing profits. He was Murphy's right hand at Rochester last fall, and is said to have been highly efficient in preventing the nomination of Mr. Shepard for Governor. Cohalan is a temperate, able, industrious person, reputable in his deportment, and of character as good as Tammany Hall produces. It takes a fairly robust political and moral equipment to do the work and share the profits of that organization, but that seems to be all there is against Cohalan. Strong objection was made to his confirmation as Judge, partly on the ground that there was a bargain between Murphy and Dix, providing that the Legislature should confirm Cohalan for Murphy and Van Tuyl (as superintendent of banks) for Dix.

There ought not to be bargains in these matters. The Legislature ought to act conscientiously, and with nothing in view but the good of the State, on each appointment. We hope there was no bargain. Who can say? But it is to congratulate Mr. Cohalan on climbing out of the Tammany trough and onto the bench. Wipe your feet, sir, and be a good judge! They say you have the making of a good judge in you.

Mr. Van Tuyl, the new superintendent of banks, is spoken of as well qualified for that office. For the highly important place of Superintendent of State Prisons, the Governor has mercifully named Col. Joseph F. Scott, an expert of the highest quality, and the Legislature has confirmed him. The New York Democrats are not smearing themselves over very thick with glorious deeds, but their administration is not all bad. There are some very good men at work in it, and a good many bad jobs have met with opposition and been quietly dropped.

At this writing our Legislature has not yet passed the federal-income tax bill. Brother Bryan has been to Albany to see about it. He exhorted our legislators to the effect that last fall's platform called for indorsement of the federal-income tax and that it was a violation of the fundamental doctrines of government for Democratic legislators not to vote for it. Brother Bryan lives in Nebraska, a State whose chief interest in the income tax is to see that it is paid in New York. It may be doubted whether his feelings about it weigh deeply with our lawgivers at Albany, but still, on the whole, we hope they will pass the bill. The Federal government ought to have an unquestioned right to tax incomes, and the objections to the form of the constitutional amendment now offered do not seem to us so serious that it should be defeated.

It is likely to pass, however, whether New York accepts it or not.



OUR new public library is open. It is a splendid, spacious building, with wonderful books in it, and, as it

happens, a considerable number of pictures, some of them good, others amusing. The reading rooms are ample, comfortable, well ventilated and well lighted. Here is another great place of public resort, easy of access from every part of the town, restful and edifying, a splendid feature of the city that makes New York better worth living in.

Our town grows constantly more interesting by new constructions. The big cathedral of St. John is going to help it. That will be another great public resort, admirably situated and with huge populations on three sides of it. Think of the other great works that are lately done or still doing, the two big railroad stations, the Queensborough Bridge, the Metropolitan Museum, the Natural History Museum and the Hispanic Museum, the Historical Society's building somewhere or other, and the beautiful Zoo.

What a town it is already, and what a marvelous town it is going to be! And the finest show in the whole place, the most interesting, the most various, the most instructive, stimulating, thought-promoting, perpetually astonishing with new wonders, are the girls and women on Fifth Avenue and the clothes they wear. The spacious approaches to the new library are very becoming to our ladies. The thing was worth building, if only for a background for the all-day-long procession of marvels that passes it.

"When opening a new public library," says the *Boston Transcript*, "avoid the high-nosed manner."

Justly said. The library authorities invited 500 people to come and see the library opened. That was all right. They asked all whom they had room for and chose them well. But they went on and asked 15,000 people to come there and wait behind ropes, herded by the police and see the 500 come out, and then go in when permitted. That was all wrong. That was the high-nosed manner, well intended, no doubt, but not justified in results. Very few Americans feel complimented to be asked to the second table. They are perfectly willing to be left out, but not at all appreciative of classification. Some historian should relate to those library trustees the tragical story of the — Club's dinner to Prince Henry.



Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1910, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-four years. In that time it has expended \$126,447.44 and has given a fortnight in the country to 32,730 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Balance at close of last season.....	\$1,343.21
J. H. H.....	5.00
Alice S. Clarke.....	10.00
F. H. V.....	5.00
From a Concert at Ridgefield, Conn.....	5.00
Grenell Island Sunday School.....	7.30
Collection at the Rev. Mr. Clausen's Sunday Services on Canandaigua Lake.....	16.00
Cash.....	13.00
Morton C. Mott Smith.....	10.62
S. Severin Sorensen.....	25.00
G. L. Mattice.....	5.31
Thos. Smidt.....	5.00
Cash.....	40.00
Cash.....	15.00
Cash.....	5.00
Richard Weber.....	1.80
Cash.....	13.00
Blucher.....	2.60
G. W. J.....	1.00
C. D. Snedeker.....	5.00
Proceeds of a minstrel entertainment given at the Hotel Plaza, New York, March 23, by the Young Ladies of Mrs. Semple's School.....	300.00
Mrs. Edith A. O. T. Druce, of Paris, France.....	5.00
J. H. Postlethwaite.....	5.00
Herbert C. Pell.....	25.00
	<hr/>
	\$1,868.84

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.

106 posters for "Minstrel Show for Fresh Air Fund" from the Williams Printing Company.

Parents

IT seems remarkable that with about sixteen thousand new criminal statutes recorded each year, nothing has yet been done for the regulation of parents.

Children are daily, nay, hourly, subjected to mortification because their parents commit some breach of modern etiquette or betray hopeless ignorance of some vital point, and this goes on day after day and year after year and nothing is done about it.

Too much, of course, should not be expected of our modern parents; that they know nothing of geography is, for example, not necessarily to be laid to their discredit. But that they are hopelessly ignorant of slang, that they sniff at cigarettes and rouge and that they like to see plays where the villain meets his just due and virtue its reward, and that they wear shockingly old-fashioned clothes, are all matters for public as well as private concern.

What are we to do with parents who never drink anything stronger than lemonade, leave their spoons in their coffee cups, refuse to sit in roof gardens until midnight and dislike to ride in a motor going more than thirty miles an hour?

Keep the "Record" Clean

LET us hope that Congress will not adjourn without taking action to make the *Congressional Record* an honest publication.

It is a common charge that newspapers lie. No doubt, taking them by and large, they do print a good deal that isn't so. Some of them do it because they don't care whether they tell the truth or not; others because they can't always get true reports in a hurry.

But no paper in the country deliberately falsifies its records of events as the *Record* does, in printing as part of the proceedings of Congress speeches that have never been delivered. These "leave-to-print" speeches, with "[applause]" and "[laughter]" scattered through them, are put in to deceive, and that is disgraceful.

Congress ought to print an honest *Record*.

A Proverbial Tragedy

THE Rolling Stone and the Turning Worm

And the Cat that Looked at a King,

Set forth on the Road that Leads to Rome—

For Youth will have its fling,

The Goose will lay the Golden Eggs,

The Dog must have his Day,

And nobody locks the Stable Door

Till the Horse is stol'n away.

But the Rolling Stone, that was never known

To Look before the Leap,

Plunged down the hill to the Waters Still

That run so dark, so deep;

And the leaves were stirred by the Early Bird

Who sought his breakfast where

He marked the squirm of the Turning Worm—

And the Cat was Killed by Care!

Arthur Guiterman.

Work for Cinderella

ALMOST all the tragedies of the ages may be summed up in the statement that the person affected was born at the wrong time.

That is the real difficulty with Cinderella. She was obliged to sit by a lonely fire and to dream dreams while the rest of the family was enjoying itself. Then again, the household drudgery was left entirely to her.

But think of what she could do if she lived to-day.

She could be a typewriter and stenographer, and in the course of a few years get the prince by ordinary business methods.

She could become a lady book agent, the head of a library, the conductor of a European travel bureau, run a servants' agency, write novels, be a special correspondent, start a pickle factory, edit a paper, invent a new candy or be a Custom House inspector.

And yet the philosophers say there is no such thing as time!



"THE LURE OF THE ANTIQUE"



A BROMIDE BREAKER

"ANYWAY, PENDIP, THE AUTHOR OF 'THE BACK STAIRWAY,' HAS SOME ORIGINALITY."

"HAS HE?"

"WHEN THE LADY OVER THERE ASKED HIM IF HE WAS THE AUTHOR OF 'THE BACK STAIRWAY' HE DIDN'T SAY 'GUILTY.'"

The Gray Goose

A NEW BOOK

(Note to book reviewers: Why not specify the class you mean when writing your "ads"?)

IT will make every baldheaded man's hair stand on end.

It will grip every Free Mason.

It scintillates with brilliancy for all electrical engineers.

It overflows with human nature for all sailors.

It sparkles for all sodawater clerks.

It is of vital interest for all hangmen and electrocuters.

There is not a dull line in it for knife sharpeners.

It has a masterly style for all dress-makers.

For watchmakers it has the most delicate workmanship.

It is tense with interest for all rope makers.

It throbs for all railroad engineers.

NEW YORK HUSBAND: But, my love, it would cost us \$5,000 a year to keep a machine.

NEW YORK WIFE: I know, John, but think of the money we'd save in car-fare!

THE school people tell us that the subjunctive is going. If this wasn't so pathetic it might be interesting as a sign of progress.

Art and Commerce

Art is disgraced!

THE verse I wrote—
"Fair Aphrodite's Sonnet,"
Bought little Jim a billy-goat
And Jane a Sunday bonnet.

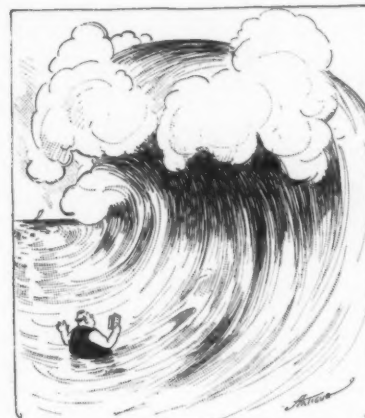
Art writhes in pain!

"To One So Fair"
And "Musings of a Mummer"
Secured for Sue some golden hair
And satisfied the plumber.

The crowning shame!

My masterpiece
Called "Verses to a Lily,"
Resulted in new axle-grease,
And medicines for Willie.

Leslie Curtis.



A BOOK ON HOW TO SWIM

Self-preservation the First Law in Clubs

BY way of offering consolation to Jews because certain clubs are not hospitable to them, President Taft said the other day that worse things happen to men than to be kept out of clubs, and he added:

I have had it happen to friends of mine—Gentiles—who have been kept out of clubs by people who are not worthy to button up their shoes, and who have no standing save in clubs.

But surely, Mr. President, they did quite right from the point of intelligent self-interest. If those chaps who have no standing except in their clubs, should let in people whose shoes they are not fit to lace, they would have no standing anywhere. They have to be exclusive. Social self-preservation demands it of them. The value of a club for them is that inside of its doors they are in a measure relieved from the pressure of competition. If they lose that relief they are gone.

Sample Illustrations from Popular Serials



"WITH LIPS COMPRESSED AND SMALL HANDS CLENCHED, SHE DARTED FROM THE ROOM."

air and exercise. His remedy would be for colleges that play together—Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, for example—to postpone the selection of football squads until November first and give over October to the local games of each college between classes or clubs; then in November, to have the inter-university matches. The idea is that so a lot of men would be kept playing all through October and having fun and getting good out of it, and that the less fit would keep on getting their exercise instead of being eliminated too soon. He thinks that by popularizing the game, both a higher type of game and a higher type of player would be developed. By higher type of game, he says, he means:—



"MRS. VAN CLIMBER'S AFTERNOONS WERE ALWAYS A SUCCESS."

Mr. Derby and College Football

ROGER A. DERBY, former Harvard football player, and now secretary for employment in Harvard College, is dissatisfied with college football as it is played and wants to mend it. His way to help it, as set forth in the *Harvard Bulletin*, is to simplify it somewhat, make it more fun, and spread it out thinner. The fault he finds with it now is that it is not enough a popular game in which the young gentlemen can have fun and get lively exercise, and far too much a discipline for producing a small band of picked players. He finds that from the opening of the season the coaches are busy getting rid of the physically less fit and developing a handful of men who promise to be useful in the final matches. He considers, too, that the mental side of the game is worked too hard as compared with the physical side, and that the amount of blackboard exercises and signal drill is disproportionate to the amount of fresh



"THE RIVIERA WAS GAY THAT WINTER"

One retaining all the vigorous qualities of English Rugby, and perhaps a somewhat higher standard of team-play, but dispensing forever with signal drills, dummies, charging and blocking practice, blackboard talks, complicated signals, rubbers, trainers, doctors and the present expense; a game that all can play, that requires skill and ability to excel at, and that affords a maximum of pleasure and health to the players.

There are good points about Mr. Derby's plan but it seems to call for more sense than our college world as yet can furnish. To drag back college football to the status of a mere out-of-door sport is a job that bristles with forbidding difficulties. The season is short. In the Northern colleges it only lasts two months. The way to get the best teams in that space of time is probably the way now in use. And what the college world, old and young, wants is the best teams. It does not care whether more or less of the young gentlemen get their exercise, if only a strong squad of gladiators is developed and put out on the gridiron. It does not care that football should have any reasonable relation to life. It wants winning teams and does not care what they cost. At present, it

Now Running in the Best Magazines



"THE MEANING OF PATRICIA'S MANNER BECAME CLEARER TO HIM."

case a figure of speech. As works an idol in a temple, so works this president. And the celestial calm seems perfectly adapted to the temperament of the Board of Managers.

During the battle, Mr. Joseph Choate in a bitter speech against the enemy, said: "We are accused of not accomplishing as much as we might. But that may be said of anybody."

This statement was received with applause and as justification for continued slumbers.

Let not the voices of suffering animals disturb the repose of these comfortable gentlemen.

MAN'S generosity should be measured by what he has left—not by what he gives away.



"LORD DRYNKMORE AND VIOLET WERE OLD FRIENDS."

seems to us, they cost a good deal too much in time, in health and in expenditure of vital energy. A popularized game, of diluted mental intensity, such as Mr Derby suggests, might be an improvement, but won't we have to reshape the college mind—undergraduate and graduate—before his popularized football can look good to it?

The Fight for Peace

THE fight was short and hot, and the Board of Managers won. And since the battle the victors have enjoyed, and are enjoying, the fruits of victory.

The enemy—that is, those members advocating a salaried president who would really work for the Society—is silenced and driven out.

Throughout the costly quarters of the S. P. C. A. reigns a slumbrous air of perfect peace. Envious indeed is the position of Colonel Wagstaff, the president, and his trusty admirers. Little is expected of them. And expectations are fulfilled.

Colonel Wagstaff works for nothing. The word "works" is in this



"JOHN FARNSBY'S LIPS QUIVERED WITH PENT UP PASSION."

The Gasoline Grammar

TO what extent the automobile has invaded the preparatory school may be judged from the following occurrence:

TEACHER (to beginners' class in Latin): Can any of you boys give the rules for accentuation of Latin words?

Only one hand was raised.

"Well, Tenney, what are the rules?"

"Words of two cylinders accent the first cylinder, and words of three cylinders accent the antepenult."

A Fireless Fourth

A BOY in the home is worth two in the hospital.

Her Sacrifice

MADGE: What is Dolly's ambition in life?

MARJORIE: She hopes to marry a millionaire and save him from the disgrace of dying rich.

IN a monarchy we call them subjects. In a republic we call them victims.



Editor: WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL SO SURE IT WOULD BE A BEST SELLER?

Author: MY DEAR SIR, THE HERO KEEPS A VALET, SMOKES ROSE SCENTED CIGARETTES, WEARS A SILK DRESSING GOWN, DRINKS BRANDY AND SODA AND SAYS "DAMN."

The Weaker Sex

THE young woman had spent a busy day.

She had browbeaten fourteen salespeople, bullyragged a floorwalker, argued victoriously with a milliner, laid down the law to a modiste, nipped in the bud a taxi chauffeur's attempt to overcharge her, made a street car conductor stop the car in the middle of a block for her, discharged her maid and engaged another, and otherwise refused to allow herself to be imposed upon.

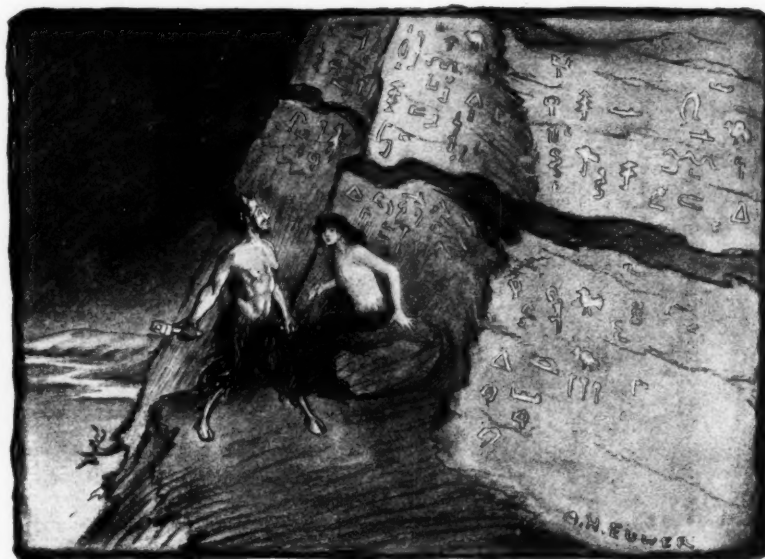
Yet she did not smile that evening when a young man begged:

"Let me be your protector through life!"

IDA: You don't mean to say that Algy called you old and homely?

ALICE: Not in exactly those words, but he said if we rode home in the Subway I might not get a seat.

AN educated man betters himself. An educated woman betters posterity.



"I SHALL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET THAT NEW NOVEL OF MINE ON THIS SIDE OF THE CLIFF"

England Awaits Great Event

Our London Correspondent Busy With Preliminaries of Coronation—All Looks Bright

ACCORDING to the dispatches received almost every hour from our London coronation correspondent, J. Bounder Ballingford, the details of the coronation are proceeding with great regularity and speed.

We wish to state emphatically that the report that we are dissatisfied with our correspondent's work in London and are about to recall him, is untrue, and the work of malicious and envious contemporaries.

The fact that he has not been able to do as much personal work as we had hoped is due to the fact that he has been so busy with the King arranging the details. We have the utmost confidence in his ability to uphold American traditions. We have just received from him the following dispatch:

LONDON.

(Special correspondence to LIFE)

The King means well, but I am disappointed in his ability, and, so far I have had to bear the brunt of this whole affair. Asquith rather resents any request for help from him.

"I am personally fond of George," he said to me privately yesterday, "but, you know, this whole affair is much like a comic opera, and for the same purpose—to keep the people impressed with the solemnity of life. George is a lay figure. We fellows who are doing the real work of the nation have no time for such frivolity. I shall be there, of course, but don't count on me to do anything. I must keep this government going, in spite of poverty, pageants and persiflage."

The German Emperor William, who has been sleeping on a cot at the foot of my bed, has been assigned quarters elsewhere. I intimated very strongly that I couldn't be disturbed. He kept me awake almost the entire night talking about himself and Theodore Roosevelt, the latter being a subject which is now never mentioned in journalistic circles. He also insisted on showing me a picture he had painted, and read me a poem that he had written. It almost made me wish I was back conducting the war against Mexico.

I have just cabled Parkhurst to come on and crown George. A petition from one hundred prominent bishops representing the Church of England was presented to me this morning, protesting against

what they are pleased to consider an outrage.

The Kings of England, they tell me, have always been crowned by the Head of the Church.

This country will wake up some day and learn that it can't go on doing the same thing forever.

Parkhurst is just the man. He has had a long experience on the *Journal* of New York, and can handle a crown with absolute safety.

He is coming. Hearst hesitated to let him go at first on account of the millions of readers who would suffer by his absence, but I suggested that he could write the news ahead for a few weeks or so; also that our loss was England's gain.

The King will lean on the arm of J. Pierpont Morgan at the ceremony. The British Cabinet will follow immediately after. Morgan will help me.

The King grows hourly more nervous.

But I have been whiling away the hours by reading to him my last book, "Beating It Around the World," and it has braced him up wonderfully.

"You Americans are so amusing," he said to me this morning. "And you have such interesting manners."

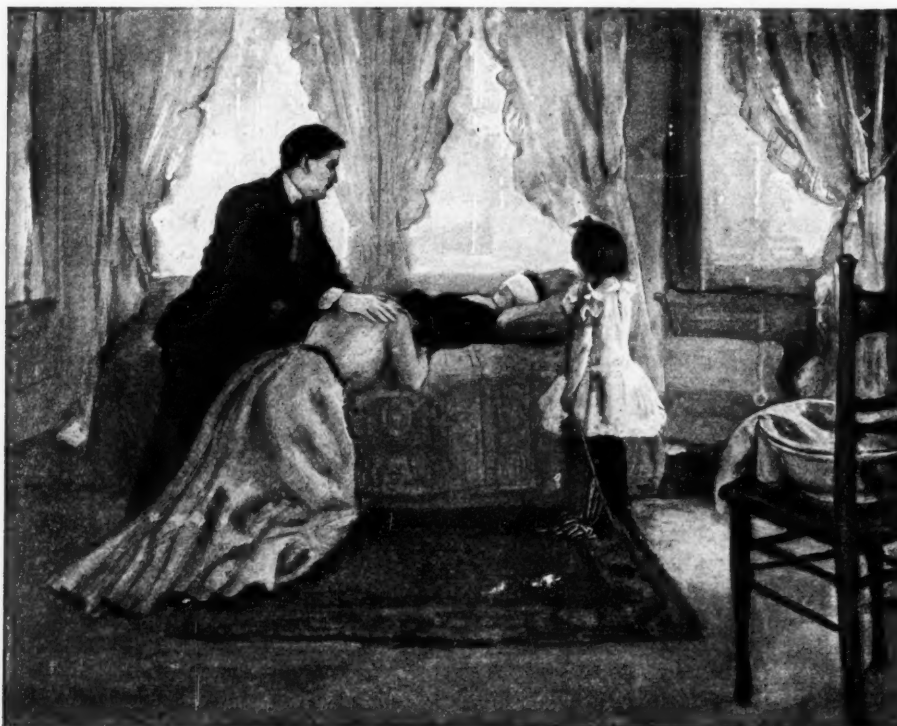
The press here rather resents my presence, but that is, of course, natural, considering how far behind the times they are. This week the *Spectator* says:

"We can ordinarily afford to laugh at Americans, with their bad taste, their atrocious manners and their absolute disregard for public decency; but the recent exploits of an American correspondent of the paper *LIFE* are really beyond all belief. He has, in some extraordinary manner, ingratiated himself with the King, and seems to be arranging the ceremony of the coronation to suit himself and his advertising purposes. Our national attitude towards all Americans, as is well known, is to look



"THE EMPEROR WILLIAM KEPT ME AWAKE ALL NIGHT TALKING ABOUT HIMSELF . . . I INTIMATED VERY STRONGLY THAT I COULDN'T BE DISTURBED."

Which Shall the Fourth of July Be This Year?



THE MORNING AFTER

SEVERAL years ago LIFE called attention pictorially to the destruction of life on the Fourth of July through the senseless practice of shooting off fire crackers, toy pistols and cannons. Other periodicals, following LIFE's lead, took up the matter, which finally spread, until the propaganda in favor of a quiet Fourth became general.

In spite of this fact, however, the number of deaths last year through the celebration of the Fourth was nearly as large as ever.

Brethren of the Press, let's keep up the fight this year with renewed efforts.

Every parent and guardian in the country should be convinced that the memory of Independence Day can be kept alive without a lot of boisterous carnage of young children.

We reproduce on this page the original picture which, printed many years ago in LIFE (July 10, 1902), started the crusade. This picture has been used many times. We gladly permit its reproduction by any paper in the country, with credit to LIFE. Or if our friends wish us to supply the cut, we will do so at the nominal cost of having it electrotyped.

upon them with a sort of amused tolerance. We respect them according to what advantages we may reap out of the contact. But this swashbuckler is going too far, and even at the risk of disturbing the hitherto pleasant relations which have existed between two countries of common blood we think he should be promptly handed over to the police."

This is interesting, but unimportant. It helps me rather than otherwise, because it only emphasizes the fact of how

strong I am with the King. Nobody around the palace, from the keeper of the Royal Seals down to the Prime Minister, doubts that the King is really dependent upon me to pull off this coronation. He said to me yesterday: "Bally, old chap, you won't desert us now, will you?" and I replied: "George, you may rely on me. I am going to see this thing through at all costs, even if I have to import the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston and Sousa's Band to give it the

proper *tout ensemble*."

I mail you to-day a batch of court scandals. You can distribute them in short fillers through the next issue. Bernard Shaw and Chesterton are getting up a dinner in my honor. Full particulars next week.

J. Brouder Ballingford.

Must Back Up Mayor Ella Wilson

MRS. ELLA WILSON was elected Mayor of Hunnewell, Kansas.

She has appointed Mrs. Rose Osborn Chief of Police, and proposes to clean up the town.

Five men compose the City Council of Hunnewell. They are opposed to Mayor Wilson's intentions and propose to thwart them. They propose to run the town without regard for the Mayor or her legal powers.

The Mayor has the law behind her and has, besides, good support from the voters who elected her. She ought to win.

The presumption is that cities that elect woman Mayors want woman Mayors and will back them up. Hunnewell, having elected Mrs. Wilson, is bound to support her in the exercise of her lawful powers. If it doesn't it will be a disgraced city.

Mayor Wilson promises to be a means of considerable and much needed education to Hunnewell.

IF you want to make a living you have to work for it, while if you want to get rich you must go about it in some other way.



"HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT"

How to Interview a Famous Author

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



AFTER ascertaining positively that the famous author has written something during the past three weeks, get his address from the Stock Exchange or the nearest automobile club.

Be careful when you approach the great man.

One doesn't launch right into an interview with "How do you do, Mr. Cracklethorpe Tothering Blutt?" That would be too simple and artistic. One gaily sheds a pale mauve generality with a wee pinch of paradox, such as, "Ah, lucky is the man who expects to be born in Muncie, Ind., for the bay rum leaves of immortality are bound to cluster on 'his koko. Intimate knowledge of metropolitan life is gained only by lifelong acquaintance with a small town on the plains of Indiana, etc."

This prepares your reader for almost anything you may care to say.

A humorous touch can always be gotten by referring to the author's works as "crimes." This device always pleases your readers.

And when referring to his birth it is always good form to make him answer your question in this manner: "And you were born—?" "Yes, I was, at an early age—and I was present at the time!" This formula always carries its own reward.

There are two methods of procedure in the art of interviewery—both are popular.

The first is to let the author mention his writings in the apologetic manner, giving the impression that he is in hiding and fears imprisonment or electrocution. It is effective also to

bring in his parents in some such manner as this:

"My parents spent thousands of dollars on me, hoping to cure me of my criminal tendencies, and it has now come to the point where they have disowned me and stricken my name off the flyleaf of the family Bible."

The author's birthplace then affords a playful touch. You say, with a merry and roguish look:

"It has been hinted about that you actually spent several years in Muncie, Ind. Can this be so?"

The author tiptoes to his study door, listens, returns to you furtively, and says:

"Sh! Yes, I spent eight years of my life there one winter!"

Another little telling stroke is to say:

"So, Mr. Blutt, you confess your latest work, 'The Girl Who Didn't Chew Gum,' is the great American novel?"

"Confess, nay, I admit it!" is his prompt and cute reply. I don't know who originated this rejoinder—it was either Oliver Herford or Cotton Mather, but it always succeeds.

Now, the other method is radically different—it is the serious and searchingly personal interview.

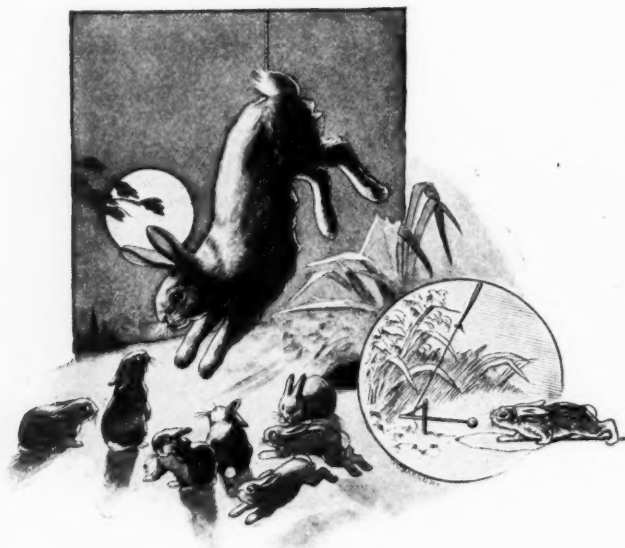
"How do I write a novel?" said Mr. Blutt, with old-fashioned courtesy, as he fondly stroked the ears of his pet Angora cat. "Ah, that is what they all ask; well, I make no secret of it—have a cigar, you'll find this very fair—my good friend the Emperor of Ger-



many supplies them to me at cost. *How do I write a novel?*" He settles back comfortably in his Morris chair. Ah, what wondrous tales have been hatched in that same Morris chair—as the famous author has sat there brooding through the years.

"How do I write a novel?" The gifted man gazes dreamily into the radiator. "How do I—?" Mr. Blutt threw his unsmoked cigar behind the radiator and took up his old corn-cob





FIRE AND BRIMSTONE ARE NOT ALWAYS ESSENTIAL

pipe—above all things is Cracklethorpe Tothering Blutt democratic. "How do"—he nurses his underlip thoughtfully—"How—well, I get my central idea, that's the first thing; I want to impress this on all the young writers that are springing up these days, if you are going to quote me, then I elaborate this central idea; nice phrase 'central idea,' a little expression of my own; its not brilliant, perhaps, but it sums it up, it sums it up—I elaborate it; this requires thought. I think out the story, then I get some pads and an indelible pencil."

"Do you advocate white or cream white paper?"

"The cream white is best for novels, although I did write 'Ye Gods and Sardines' on plain white paper, and you may remember what a—ahem—success that was."

"Now, Mr Blutt, will you tell me how you sit in regard to the light?"

"I always seat myself firmly in this Morris chair and cross my knees—"

"The right over the—"

"Yes, over the left, and I always have the light coming over my shoulder. I think this is really essential in novel writing—poetry is different—you often get better results in poetry in a semi-reclining posture, with the light full in the face."

"And then?"

"Then I take my indelible pencil and begin at the first chapter—"

"And so on—"

"Exactly, and so on to the end!"

Spoiled

MRS. GILLET (*over the 'phone*): I want to complain of a mistake in our order.

CATERER: What was wrong?

MRS. GILLET: There was a little ice cream in that salt you sent us.

The Taxicab Privilege

WE have spoken on another page of the hat-tip trust, out of which New York hotels get a considerable rakeoff at the cost of inferior service to their customers. And we have said that there seemed to be nothing to do about it but to swear—if one has the gift and can get a license to do so. But to recall it brings the mind to bear with increased energy on another kindred matter.

It seems that one difficulty about getting a good, cheap taxicab service for New York is that the hotels and restaurants claim a taxicab privilege which they sell just as they do their little skin-flint hat-tip privilege, and the big sums the taxicab companies have to pay for the right to stand near the hotels make it be so much harder for them to haul the general public at a moderate rate.

But the taxicab privilege which the hotels farm out involves a use of the public streets to which they have no exclusive right.

Our city government ought to regulate the taxicabs for the convenience of the public, and without any regard for the side profits of the hotels, and if the job of doing it is put in the hands of bribe-proof men it can be done.

Come, therefore, brethren, and let us stand up together and exhort our city government to put its foot down hard on all the private cab stands by means of which—to quote the *Evening Post*—"hotel proprietors and others take possession of the public streets for private profit," and to substitute for them "a general system of public stands open at all times to all licensed cabs up to the limit of the number designated for each stand." We are advised that this is a vital step towards having a satisfactory taxicab system. By all means, let's take it. It amounts simply to the abolition of the hotel and restaurant tax on taxicabs, a tax that the collectors have no right to impose, that we all have to pay, and which is just such another little, mean grab-penny extortion as the sale of the hat-tip privilege to the hat-tip trust.

We can't help the hat-tip imposition, but this tax on taxicabs we can help—if the city government is true to us—for the rights in this matter are on our side.

A LIMONY is a pension paid to those who have been disabled on the domestic field of battle.



A VERY BAD ODER

Literary Giants as Announced by Their Publishers



FRANCIS TIREUPP-SNOOZER

NATURE STUDY. AUTHOR OF "DOES OUTDOOR SLEEPING MAKE BEAUTY?" "REST CURE," AND "PIES THAT I HAVE CONQUERED."



NUMBER 1654

THE WOMAN IN THE HOME. AUTHOR OF "DO OATMEAL AND WATER PROLONG LIFE?"



WHY I LEFT THE MINISTRY

AUTHOR OF "SAVING SOULS AT \$300 A YEAR," "PEWOLDERS I HAVE MET."



SIGNOR TONSORI OILVO

HALF HOURS WITH UNCROWNED HEADS. AUTHOR OF "POURING OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS."



THE CLOISTERED LIFE

AUTHOR OF "VISIONS SEEN THROUGH MY WINDOW."



CANDLER FISHEM CUTT

WILL DRAW A SERIES OF HEADS ILLUSTRATING VITAL WOMANHOOD, ALSO SERIES ENTITLED THE MOTHERS OF THE FUTURE.

The Hat-tip Trust

FOUR or five years ago, when you went out to lunch with your partners at the hotel on the corner, you used to hand your hat to a young mulatto man, who returned it to you, every man his own, as you passed out. He never gave a check, and never made a mistake, and his abilities and pleasant services

were recompensed from time to time with small coins.

One day he was not there, and the news was that the hotel had sold the hat and coat privilege to the hat-tip trust. Ever since then a succession of white boys have hung up your hat. No one of them stays long on the job; no one knows who's hat is who's. They give checks for what is delivered to



Enough to Make a Dog Laugh

them, and if you don't lose the check you get your hat back. The services of these boys are not valuable, and if they were there would not be much point in tipping them, because all their tips go to the hat-tip trust, which pays the hotel for the privilege of dealing with the hats. Still, from force of habit and a sense of obligation, which is not very logical, you continue to pay over occasional dimes and nickels to those boys.

Now is not that a mean little skin! The paper says—the *World*—that the two men who organized the hat-tip trust make \$100,000 a year out of it, and pay for their hotel privileges from \$5,000 a year up. Of course, people do not conduct New York hotels and restaurants for their health, but the hat-tip trust makes one swear, because it is so petty and because it has substituted a bad organized service for a good personal service.

Interviews on the Trust Decision

WE have secured the following highly helpful and illuminating interviews on the decision of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil cases:

Business was seen on Wednesday. "Yes," said Business, "the decision is very satisfactory to Business. Now honest Business can go ahead and dishonest Business can keep ahead."

Washington was reached over the long distance 'phone and was rather non-committal. "Washington," said Washington, "prefers not to go on record until it has had ample opportunity to digest the decision carefully word by word. Inasmuch, therefore, as the decision is very indigestible, you will see that Washington will not be ready with its conclusions for several weeks."

Wall Street was seen just before the opening on Thursday. "Wall Street," said Wall Street enthusiastically, "is

simply elated. That is easily inferred, of course, from the immense volume of business Wall Street did on the following day."

Boston replied by letter. "Boston," said Boston's letter, "is not particularly interested in the mere material side of the controversy, but you may put Boston down as having enjoyed very much the privilege of reading the decision, not only because it was hard reading, but because of the many reverential classical allusions to the way our forefathers, both here and abroad, did things."

Society was seen on its regular at-home day. When asked its opinion of the decision, Society said: "I hadn't heard anything about it. I have really been so busy with the Coronation and the opening of the Newport season that I haven't had a minute to spare. I dare say, however, that it is a very nice decision."

Ellis O. Jones.

Unsolicited

READ, read, read,
From never decreasing piles,
Bushels of epithets, tons of plots,
Manuscripts reckoned in carload lots
And columns that stretch for miles.
Oh, pity the magazine staff!
The reader whose tireless feet
Must trample each day over acres of
chaff
For one little grain of wheat.

Read, read, read,
Oh, the editor knows the cost!
And read, read, read,
Till the meaning of words is lost!
Essays, poems and tales,
Articles, story and theme,
Till the eyesight flags and the paper
sags
And life's but an ink-smudged dream.

Think of our daily food,
Ostriches scarce fare worse;
Comedy, sad as a half-cooked cake,
Tragedy, red as a raw beefsteak,
Gurgling, buttermilk verse;
Spelling to twist the eye,
Grammar to wrench the heart,
Winged inspirations that fail to fly,
Plots that refuse to start.

Sketches we long to use,
Though horribly out of date;
Christmas stories, hard to refuse,
That always are mailed too late.
Soul throbs, we can't construe;
Themes with no vital grip—

Oh, come! this won't do; we must favor
it too
With a printed rejection slip.

Harry F. Bowling.

Kidnapping

In the class war between capital and labor the kidnapping of labor leaders by private detectives, in connivance with public officials, so-called, has become the settled practice in the United States.

This practice has the sanction of the highest court in the land.

Having been duly legalized by the Supreme Court, it is of course perfectly lawful and workingmen have no right to protest against it.

Kidnapping, however, is a crime if the victim, or intended victim, is a capitalist, or capitalist politician, retainer, or other mercenary, and the kidnapers, or intending kidnapers, are workingmen, or the representatives of workingmen. Then it becomes a grave offense against the dignity of the State and an atrocious assault upon the palladium of our liberties.

But the kidnapping of workingmen by capitalists, labor leaders by corporation magnates, is not only perfectly lawful, but



"HELP!"

absolutely essential to the preservation of our capitalist civilization.—*Appeal to Reason*.

WHEN one thinks the matter over carefully and dispassionately, this sounds very much like the truth. We have known the time when capitalists could not be reached even by process servers. Ever since the arrest of the labor leaders we have been wondering what our more respectable papers would have said if some villainous trust magnate had been whisked across the country in the same fashion.

A Diplomat

"WHY do you take the landlady out to dinner so often?" asks the man with the hungry eyes of the star boarder.

"It's the only way I can get a square meal without hurting her feelings," is the explanation.

THE capacity for getting into trouble and the ability for getting out of it are seldom combined in the same person.



Is
Knowledge
Power ?





CONSPICUOUSLY posted on the cabin wall of the little steamer that used, some years back, to be the only craft that plied the waters of Yellowstone Lake, there was a sign that read: "Passengers are Requested to Keep their Seats while Landing." This advice, one somehow felt, was a counsel of perfection. But it had its effect. And some such plea for caution is hereby addressed to those who choose to use the subjoined list. It is not intended as a pigskin library to be taken to

the wilderness. It does not claim to represent five feet of current culture. It is not a prescription. It is merely an advisory catalogue, compiled (according to LIFE's custom for lo! these many years) from the books published during the last twelve months. And while it is hopefully submitted in the belief that no one, whatever his mental complexion, will fail to find in it something reliably to his taste, yet it is humanly certain, by all the tables of averages and laws of probability, that the only individual likely to approve of it in its heterogeneous entirety is

J. B. Kerfoot.

THE SEASON'S BOOKS

THE ASCENDING EFFORT, by G. W. Bourne. (*Dutton.*)

An original and stimulating inquiry into the relations between esthetics and human progress.

THE ASHES OF A GOD, by F. W. Bain. (*Putnam.*)

A delightful story by an Anglo-Indian, cast in the mold of an Eastern legend and embodying the spirit of Hindoo mythology.

BRAZENHEAD THE GREAT, by Maurice Hewlett. (*Scribner.*)

Four adventures from the life of a Falstaffian soldier of fortune of the fifteenth century, written in Mr. Hewlett's earlier style.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY, by Jeffery Farnol. (*Little, Brown.*)

A return to the early nineteenth century form of the picaresque romance, giving the varied adventures of a gentleman blacksmith in Georgian England.

THE CHASM, by George Cram Cook. (*Stokes.*)

A tale of socialism in America and Russia. Exceptionally good controversial fiction.

CLAYHANGER, by Arnold Bennett. (*Dutton.*)

An inordinately long, but extraordinarily interesting, study of an outwardly uneventful, but subjectively dramatic career.

CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH, by Leonard Merrick. (*Kennerley.*)

Amusing and deftly presented episodes of disillusionment from the life of a returned exile. A trifle risqué, but a good risk.

THE CREATORS, by May Sinclair. (*Century.*)

A novel in which the professional and temperamental obsessions of the members of a literary clique are made the subject of an entertaining story and an unintended satire.

DEMETER'S DAUGHTER, by Eden Phillpotts. (*John Lane.*)

Another characteristic story of life on Dartmoor.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, GETTING MARRIED AND THE SHOWING UP OF BLANCO POSNET, by George Bernard Shaw. (*Brentano.*)

The text of three plays, with a context of three prefaces; thoroughly Shavian and very much alive.

THE DOCTOR'S LASS, by Edward C. Booth. (*Century.*)

One of the seven plots that have fathered all fiction, refurbished and made the basis of a charming love story.

THE ELM TREE ON THE MALL, by Anatole France. (*John Lane.*)

Genre studies from clerical life in contemporary France. A masterpiece of quiet satire.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION SIMPLY EXPLAINED, edited by Henry P. Manning. (*Munn & Co.*)

A series of essays in which the speculations of esoteric geometry are made fascinatingly apprehendable to the lay mind.

GOOD MEN AND TRUE, by E. M. Rhodes. (*Holt.*)

A sprightly and unhackneyed yarn of adventure on the Mexican border.

THE GREAT ILLUSION, by Norman Angell. (*Putnam.*)

An incisive, logical and dispassionate analysis of the possibilities and prospects of universal peace.

HOWARD'S END, by Edward W. Forster. (*Putnam.*)

The story of a four-sided struggle between conflicting temperaments. One of the season's less spectacular but most interesting novels.

INHERITANCE TAXES FOR INVESTORS, edited by Hugh Bancroft. (*Boston News Bureau.*)

A handbook of legislative confusion and interstate piracy of equal interest to holders of securities and lovers of justice.

THE ADVENTURES OF JAMES CAPEN ADAMS, MOUNTAINEER AND GRIZZLY BEAR HUNTER OF CALIFORNIA, by Theodore H. Hittell. (*Scribner.*)

A voracious, curious and entertaining record of the exploits of a celebrated Sierran "character."

JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN, edited by Elizabeth Bisland. (*Houghton, Mifflin.*)

A volume of great literary charm, containing a mass of variously remunerative disconnected reading.

JEAN CHRISTOPHE, by Romain Rolland. (*Holt.*)

The translation of the first two-fifths of a French novel of record-breaking length and remarkable quality.

THE LADY, by Emily James Putnam. (*Sturgis & Walton.*)

A series of witty and scholarly essays



WIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL REMIND US WE CAN MAKE OUR WIVES SUBLIME

dealing with successive historical "adaptations to environment" of the "female of the socially favored classes."

THE LAND OF THE WHITE HELMET, by Edgar Allen Forbes. (*Revell*.)

Travels in Northwestern Africa. A book written in effective vernacular English by a wideawake American.

MARIE CLAIRE, by Marguerite Audoux. (*Doran*.)

The account, exquisitely simple, utterly matter-of-fact, yet somehow radiantly imaginative, of the childhood and youth of a French peasant.

THE MASTER GIRL, by Ashton Hilliers. (*Putnam*.)

The biography of a "new woman" of the stone age. An exceptionally successful piece of imaginative realism.

"ME—SMITH," by Caroline Lockhart. (*Doubleday, Page*.)

A story of Wyoming: racily individualized, and offering an indigenous expression rather than a tenderfoot exploitation, of the frontier.

MOLLY MAKE-BELIEVE, by Eleanor Hollowell Abbott. (*Century*.)

Ephemeral fiction of the lightest and brightest variety.

MR. INGLESIDE, by E. V. Lucas. (*Macmillan*.)

Informal hobnobbing with a pleasant coterie of bookworms, collectors and connoisseurs, with a running fictional accompaniment.

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI, by H. G. Wells. (*Duffield*.)

The autobiographical self-analysis of an exiled English statesman. Easily the most intellectually dynamic English novel of the year.

Now, by Charles Marriott. (*John Lane*.)

A slow-moving but highly enjoyable tale, smilingly satirical, of a respectable English family's disturbing contact with practical idealism.

ONE WAY OUT, by "William Carleton." (*Small, Maynard*.)

A New England clerk's graphically straightforward account of how he escaped from economic bondage.

THE PATRICIAN, by John Galsworthy. (*Scribner*.)

A novel in which the delicately contrasted attitudes of three generations of an aristocratic family toward each other and toward their order express the au-

thor's appreciation of a type and his prophesy of its passing.

SUBCONSCIOUS PHENOMENA. (*Badger*.)

Six papers by eminent psychologists presenting the leading theories of the moment in a much fought-over field.

THE THEORY OF THE THEATRE, by Clayton Hamilton. (*Holt*.)

A volume of clarifying essays which isolate and illuminate the fundamental inter-relations between the dramatist, the theatrical manager and the public.

THE VOICE IN THE RICE, by Gouverneur Morris. (*Dodd, Mead*.)

A successful flight into the region of the unlikely.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH, by Samuel Butler. (*Dutton*.)

A message from the early nineteenth century to the early twentieth century, delivered in fictional form by a writer who stood half-way between the two, understanding something of the characteristic wisdom and foolishness of each.

WOMAN AND LABOR, by Olive Schreiner. (*Stokes*.)

An able and impersonally-minded woman's views on woman.

From Our Readers



Oysters or Children

DEAR LIFE:

I have just reached the office from an extensive Southern trip and find a memorandum of your generous contribution of copies of the "Bread Winners' Number" of LIFE and "Reflections of a Factory Child." Let me thank you most heartily for this.

You have rendered a service which could not be done otherwise, in making so graphic an exposition of the tragedy of child labor.

You may be interested to know that our child labor bill pending in Florida has probably been killed, after having been amended to fix an *eight year age limit* for all occupations. The chief opposition was from the oyster packing industry. Their lobbyist contended that the work could not injure Florida because it was done by children from Baltimore. The fact is, we have abundant records and photographs of children from ten years down to four, working in the oyster and shrimp packing houses along the Gulf, hundreds of these children being employed all through the summer in the fruit and vegetable gardens of Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey, and then shipped by boatloads to the South every autumn to put in their winter in the sea-food packing houses. Many of these communities are without schools, churches, newspapers, sanitation, "life." How is this for the other side of Palm Beach? With great appreciation, I am,

Sincerely yours,

OWEN R. LOVEJOY,
General Secretary,National Child Labor Committee.
NEW YORK,
May 11, 1911.

"Apparatus of Grandeur"

THE EDITOR, LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—In a leader of your issue of the 18th instant, I find a reference to Mr. Price Collier's articles in *Scribner's* regarding British rule in India. I quote the following paragraph:

"If we manage the Philippines successfully it will be by the same substantial means (*i. e.*, domination by superior power of will, character and knowledge), and yet we shall do it—if we do

—without any of the apparatus of grandeur which the British maintain in India."

I have been a subscriber of LIFE for a number of years, and invariably now and then there crops up a sentence like this without any context, which puts the subject matter in a somewhat incorrect light. In dealing with subject races the British are notoriously averse to undue display, and this can be easily proved by reference to their rule in Egypt and in their numerous native dependencies in other parts of the world. In regard to India, however, the matter is entirely different, and I have recently read an article by a writer who I am sure knows as much as LIFE on the subject, in which the statement appears that if the Indian Empire was not governed with "apparatus of grandeur," then the Government must suffer.

If I remember rightly, the remark was made that should a Viceroy of India ever appear before the natives, officially, in shirt sleeves and knickerbockers, their respect for the British rule would inevitably lessen, whereas in some of the native dependencies in other parts of the world the officers who rule them are almost chronically clothed in that or a somewhat similar manner. Take the Indian feudatory princes; there is more grandeur in one of them than there is to the whole of the English officials of India, and it should be borne in mind that the native population there have these native princes to compare the foreign rulers with. Should the British nation give up its "apparatus of grandeur" it

would in all probability loosen its hold on the Indian Empire. There is no such necessity in the Philippines, owing to the different class of natives which inhabit the islands.

Yours very truly,

AN ENGLISHMAN IN CANADA.

MONTREAL, CANADA,

May 16, 1911.

French Revolution—Theological Confusion

EDITOR LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—Your comments on current theology are always interesting. There is no more effective way of getting a little knowledge into dull human craniums than to get them to laugh and then get in your idea.

In connection with Mormonism, what particularly puzzles me is this: How old Hebrew Mormons like Abraham, Jacob, David and Solomon come to be Sunday-school models and their modern prototypes, Brigham Young and the Smiths, happen to be so bad.

Then again, all intelligent people now know that the story of the creation of the world in six days six thousand years ago, the deluge, sun and moon standing still and the whale story are all untrue. If people persist in teaching the rising generation ideas which they don't wish them to practice and teach the young and innocent what they know is untrue, what can we expect? Why don't they correct their textbooks?

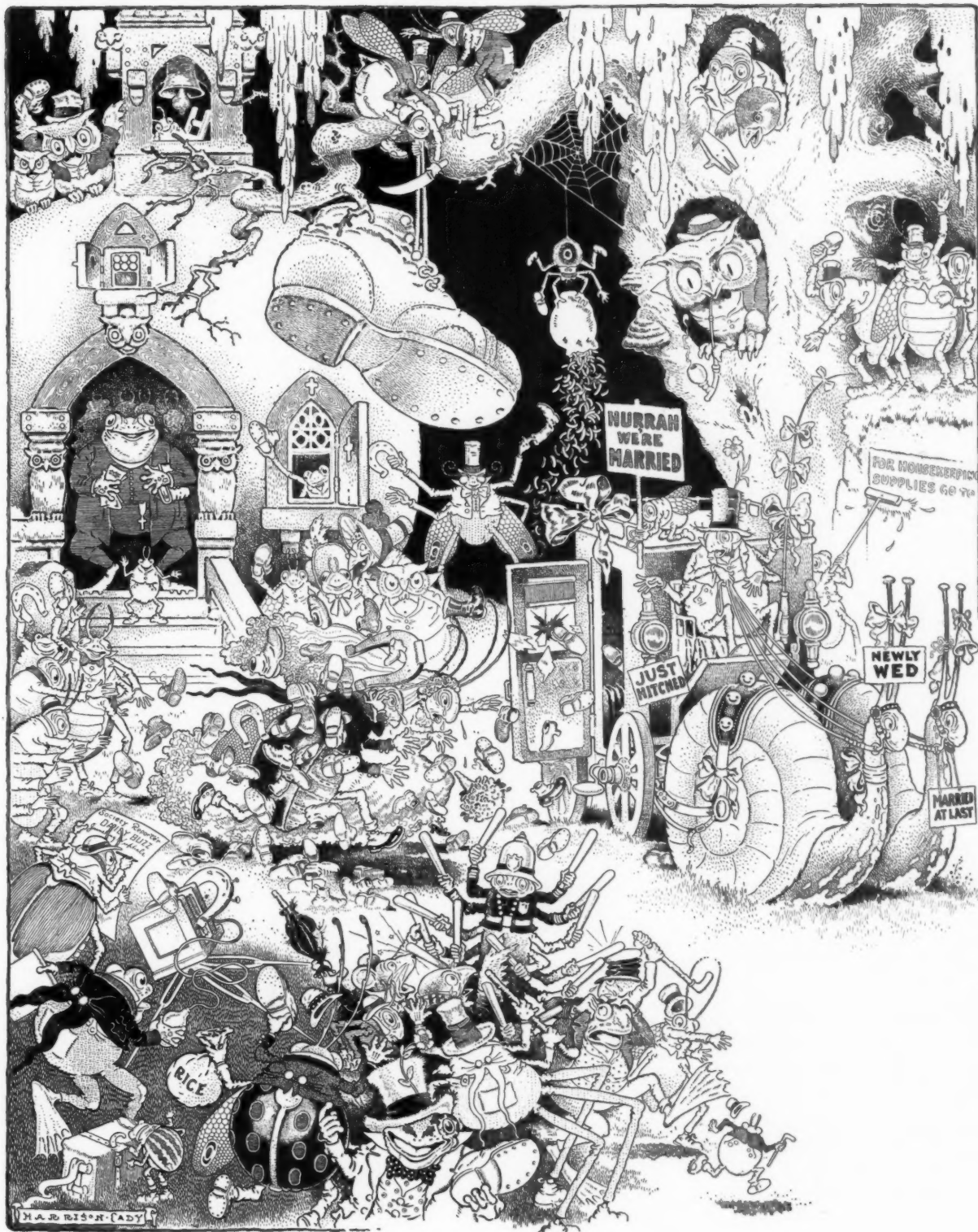
NORMAN MURRAY.

MONTREAL, CANADA,

May 17, 1911.



Enterprising Hawker: HERE Y'ARE, GENTS. HOW TO BECOME AN AMERICAN CITIZEN
FER TEN CENTS.



A WEDDING AMONGST THE JUNE BUGS

The Locomobile for 1912

Fourteenth Annual Announcement

The "48" Six Cylinder \$4800. The "30" Four Cylinder \$3500.



FOR 1912 The Locomobile will set a new standard of Luxury in motor cars. Our success in the past resulted from our continued efforts to make the Locomobile the best built car in America.

Having maintained this mechanical superiority our present aim is to make the Locomobile the most luxurious American Car—Quiet, Comfortable, Perfect in detail.

The Six Cylinder Locomobile, by virtue of its excellent performances in 1911, has established a new standard in Six Cylinder construction. Realizing the demand on the part of the present day motorist for increased comfort in automobiling, we have made careful study and investigation for the purpose of making this Car the last word in Luxury.

The improvements that we have made in this direction produce ease and Comfort hitherto unknown in motoring. As an instance, the rear seat cushions and high backs on our Seven Passenger Car are each provided with upholstery *ten inches deep*—as soft and restful as the easiest library chair. Passengers are seated low in the car, which produces a feeling of security.

Our Five Passenger Six Cylinder Torpedo is the most perfect combination of Luxury and Style yet offered in this popular type of body. The passengers are carried on the rear seat, which has upholstery *ten inches thick*, cushion and back.

We also make a Four Passenger Torpedo upholstered in the same luxurious manner.

The advantages offered only in the Locomobile Shaft Drive Six makes it—

A Perfect Machine—a Perfect Vehicle.

The Six Cylinder Type in its highest development.

Six Cylinder Features

Motor Design The motor is so designed and built that with a cylinder bore of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 70 horse-power is obtained on test. This represents the utmost power obtainable from this size of cylinder without affecting reliability. Cylinders are designed specially for the Six and have large valves and quiet valve lifters.

Quietness Detail changes in the motor and rear axle make for greatly increased quietness in the Locomobile Six.

Moderate Weight The Locomobile Six, with possibly one exception, is the lightest seven passenger, six cylinder car. We have attained this progress and

refinement by seven years' study and development of the finest alloy steels. One brake horse-power is provided for every fifty-seven pounds of weight.

Fuel Economy The Locomobile Six has frequently been driven twelve miles on a gallon of fuel. This is well in advance of ordinary six cylinder performance. A customer writes that he drove his Locomobile Six over the mountains from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara with seven passengers, averaging eleven miles to a gallon of fuel. Another customer writes that he drove his Six Torpedo over fourteen miles on a gallon of fuel. Such economy is due to our special carbureter design and to moderate weight.



Tire Economy Ordinarily a powerful Six is a burden through tire expense involved. The Locomobile Six, however, is economical in tire wear. *"The Speedometer shows four thousand miles. The original tires are still on car and from appearances you would not think they had been driven 1,000 miles."* The foregoing report is on one of the first Sixes delivered. Locomobile tire economy is due to moderate weight and scientific balance of weight; also to the free action of the differential when turning a corner, thus preventing any grinding action on the rubber. The Locomobile differential never binds under any conditions of road operation.

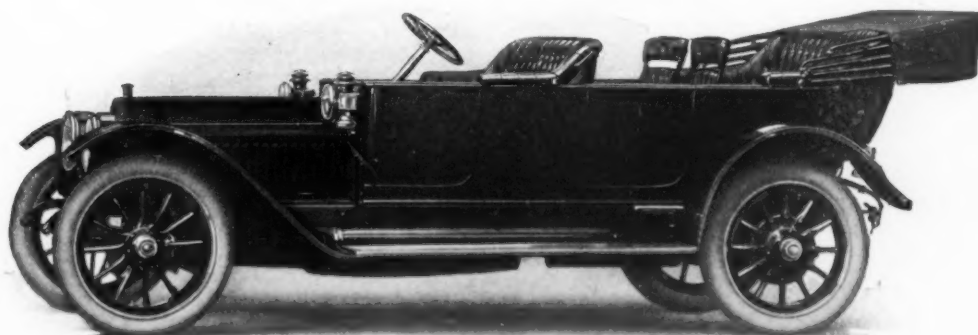
Strength of Construction ^{Bronze instead} of aluminum is used for the motor base and gear box. It is three times as strong as the aluminum ordinarily used for the purpose on other cars. The axles and steering gear are very strong and safe. The car throughout is built from carefully designed parts made in the Locomobile factory from material specially selected for each part. The Locomobile has always been known for its safety and strength.

Riding Qualities The Locomobile Six has wonderful riding qualities—perfect comfort and *steadiness*. No swerving from side to side when traveling at speed. The

superb riding qualities of our Six are due largely to the fact that power does not pass through the springs. Thus they are free to act. Rear springs cannot give maximum comfort when they act as distance rods. The three-quarter elliptic rear springs are shackled at both ends so that they have full play. All springs are made of the finest spring steel that can be bought.

Rear Axle Construction ^{The rear housing} is provided with a hand hole, affording ease of inspection of the driving gears. Rear axle tubes are alloy steel, without brazing—a superior construction peculiar to the Locomobile.

Other Special Features ^{The Multiple} *Disc Clutch* is very simple and may be removed as a unit without disturbing anything else. A self-contained *Oiling System* provides perfect motor lubrication. *Grease Cups* at all wearing parts on the chassis eliminate dirty oil cups and insure perfect lubrication. *The Transmission* provides four speeds and reverse and the construction is so durable that gear trouble is absolutely eliminated. *Universal Joints* run over 5,000 miles without attention to lubrication. *The Bonnet* is very short, saving room and obviating the clumsy appearance of other Sixes. *Extra Tires* are carried at the rear. *Running Boards* are clear on both sides.



The "48" Locomobile, Six Cylinder Touring Car. Price \$4800. Interchangeable Tires.

The "30" Locomobile, Four Cylinders

This reliable and convenient five passenger shaft drive car will be marketed for 1912 without change excepting increased attention to details of finish and equipment.

All 1912 Locomobile Models

are equipped with High Tension Ignition, Demountable Rims and Top. The customer is given his choice of color. More complete information on application.

The Locomobile Company of America
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Chicago, Washington, San Francisco





Pay—Pay—Pay

(American visitors will bring fortunes to the coronation. They are already renting windows along the parade route at enormous prices.)—*London Papers.*

"Why are the hotel rates so high?" poor Uncle Sam inquired.

"In your pet phrase," said Johnny Bull, "your greenness makes me tired."

"Why are the cabbies soaking me? Why do the waiters grin?"

"We're makin' of a Hinglish King to get the Yankee tin."

For we're crownin' Georgie Rex, an' you must shovel out the pence, A thousand pounds per window-pane, a hundred for a fence;

The British Lion must have his day—At Uncle Sam's expense,

For we're crownin' Georgie Porgie in the mornin'."

—*Reginald Wright Kauffman in the Coming Nation.*



"YOU WOULDN'T STRIKE A LITTLE FELLOW LIKE ME, WOULD YOU?"

"NO, BUT I'M AFTER THAT FLY ON YOUR FOREHEAD."

Wrongs of the Poor

Departures from the old way in things educational come in for hard raps, first and last, but not often are they assailed as in this letter which a glowering boy handed to his teacher the other day:

"Madim you kepe teling my son to breeth with his dierfram I sepose rich boys and girls all has dierframs but how about when their father only makes 2 dollers a day and theres 4 younger I tel you its enoug to make everybody socialists first its one thing and then its another and now its dierframs its too much"—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Her Distinction

A teacher asked her class in spelling to state the difference between the words "results" and "consequences"

A bright girl replied, "Results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Difference in the Louis

THE CUSTOMER: I think these Louis XV. heels are too high. Give me a size smaller, please—or perhaps Louis XIII. would be high enough.—*The Sketch.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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Hon. Shelby M. Cullom,

U. S. Senator from Illinois, writes:

"I can state that I have been decidedly benefited by the use of your Sanatogen. I consider this preparation very valuable as a reconstructive of the nervous system."

John Burroughs,

The distinguished naturalist and author, writes:

"I am sure I have been greatly benefited by Sanatogen. My sleep is fifty per cent. better than it was one year ago, and my mind and strength are much improved."

Prof. Thos. B. Stillman, M. S. Ph. D.,

The well-known research chemist of Stevens Institute, writes:

"The chemical union of the constituents of Sanatogen is a true one, representative of the highest skill in the formation of a product containing phosphorus in the organic phosphate condition, and so combined that digestion and assimilation of Sanatogen is rendered complete with the greatest ease."

Hon. Geo. C. Perkins, U. S. Senator from California, writes:

"I have found Sanatogen to be a very pleasant nutrient and tonic, and extremely helpful in conditions of nervousness and poor digestion."

"Something that has given me a new lease of health"

"George, I've seen you use that little box of white powder every day here at the club for some time, and now my curiosity has got the better of me. Just what is it?"

"Why, that is something that in six weeks has given me a new lease of health, has wonderfully improved my digestion, has given me strength and buoyancy and, I am firmly convinced, has saved me from a serious breakdown. It's the food-tonic called Sanatogen."

A NEW lease of health! The eager desire of countless sufferers from nervous exhaustion! Can Sanatogen really bring relief? Can it really convey to the system that which the starved nerves crave? Can it really so revitalize the body that digestion and assimilation become normal once more? Has it really the power to reconstruct cell and tissue?

Fifteen thousand letters from practising physicians answer these questions in the affirmative. Over 120 original articles in leading medical journals prove every claim to be true. Every day, in every land, over 100,000 people take Sanatogen, feel its invigorating and rejuvenating effect, bear witness to its remarkable up-building and revitalizing power.

If you need a tonic, do not get "some tonic," get *the* tonic—get Sanatogen, the food-tonic. It's the one tonic universally acclaimed by the medical profession, the one tonic built on scientific principles, the one tonic of real, lasting merit, the one tonic that "makes good."

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first, if you like, and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book "Our Nerves of Tomorrow," the work of a physician-author, written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes, \$1.00, \$1.90 and \$3.60

Get it from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price by

THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 45 E. 17th St., Union Square, N.Y.

Look For The "RIST-FIT" V

A feature found only in GRINNELL Auto Gloves

—gives a neat, smooth, secure wrist adjustment. No other device is so satisfactory and comfortable. Ask your dealer for them.
MORRISON-RICKER MFG. CO.
42 Broad Street Grinnell, Ia.



Reaching Their Limit

"Mrs. Perry had a horrid time with the custom-house officers on her return from London."

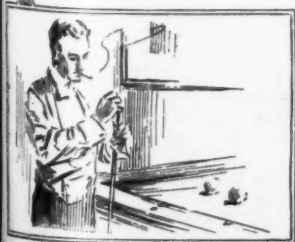
"In what way?"

"They wanted to make her pay duty on the thirty-nine articles in her new English prayer book."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Egyptian Deities

The *Utmost* in Cigarettes

They cost more to make but when you smoke them you know why—
Cork Tips or Plain



Rhymed Reviews Adventure

(By Jack London, The Macmillan Company.)

Upon a wild Pacific isle
With cannibals for slaves and neighbors,
Dave Sheldon worked to make his pile
Though fever balked plantation labors.

His partner died; his plans went wrong;
Each morning brought a new disheartener—
When brave Joan Lackland sailed along
And made him take her in as partner.

She bossed her dark Tahiti crew,
She shot and swam—a perfect wonder,
This Fair Young Girl of twenty-two—
And bade Convention go to thunder.

At heart a boy, in boyish pride
She laughed at Mrs. Grundy's censure;

Resourceful, dauntless, eager-eyed,
Across the seas she sought Adventure.

She made that rude plantation hum,
Controlled the black boys, fierce and thievish,
And made a most delightful chum
When not too arrogant or peevish.

Now David had to go and fall
In love with Joan, his charming crony,
Who didn't care for Love at all
And scorned the chains of Matrimony.

But softer thoughts her bosom thrilled
Before the year was much the older;
And shortly after Dave had drilled
A rival suitor through the shoulder

She sought her partner's manly arms;
A roving missionary tied them;
And still they're running cocoa farms—
Unless the cannibals have fried them.
Arthur Guiterman.

Queer Morality

Upton Sinclair, in a lecture in New York, condemned industrial or business morality.

"It is all wrong," he said, "but every one thinks it is all right. It reminds me of Tin Can.

"Once in a Tin Can poker game a tenderfoot saw a player give himself four aces from the bottom of the pack. The tenderfoot flushed with indignation. He turned to a Tin Can native and whispered:

"'Did you see that?'
"See what?'
"Why, that hound dealt himself four aces!"

"'Wall,' said the native, in a surprised tone, 'wasn't it his deal?'"

—*New York Tribune*.

FORTUNE smiles on some men—it can't help it when it finds itself in such ludicrous surroundings.—*Smart Set*.

The New Gift Box



To enjoy Whitman's latest assortment of Chocolates or Confections go to the nearest Whitman's agent, usually the best drug store, and buy the dainty Old Rose-and-Gold

Pink of Perfection Package

The candies are packed in nine removable trays in a single layer. Every piece in view when the box is opened. When empty the box makes a pretty and practical trinket case. \$1.00 a pound, of our agents, or direct from us, carriage prepaid.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate.



NECKWEAR

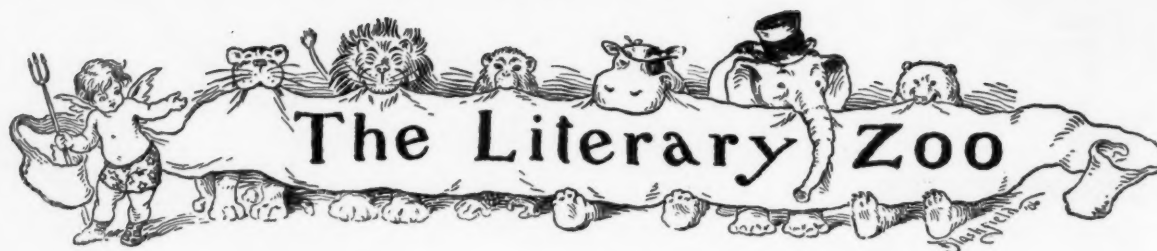
In New and Exclusive Styles for Summer Wear

Of especial interest to men of refinement are the new Accordion Weaves in the Hobble Effect, Roman Stripes and Even Stripes, also plain Two-tone effects, made from the finest bright thread silks, lustrous and full of life.

New College Stripes in Two and Three-tone effects.
Our Crocheted and Knitted Neckwear all of the better kind.

Shop by Post. Our Complete Illustrated Art Booklet Will Tell You How.
Sent on Application.

MACULAR PARKER COMPANY
400 Washington St. Boston, Mass.



Shattered Ideals

A LITERARY item going the rounds of the press tells us that Mr. Gilbert Chesterton lives in the suburbs of London with a lot of children, and after detailing somewhat minutely his daily life, informs us that his copy is prepared in a great rush, usually about an hour before the messenger will call for it, and in the midst of the utmost confusion.

These personal details somehow give us a distinct sense of loss in Mr. Chesterton, not because of their specific character, but because any intimacy with a literary man seems to drag him down to the cheap level of the commonplace. With Mr. Chesterton, the writing of literature is nothing more than the playing of any game; if, for example, he was able for, say an hour a day, to keep three balls continuously in the air, the result would be the same.

And this leads us to commiserate the publicity to which authors are brought in the present day.

Everything is known about them—their nourishment, their clothes, their habits, their manners and their methods of work. When we read what they have written, therefore, we are able immediately to call up a picture of the man behind the pen. We see him fussing with his wife, munching gum drops, lying on the floor, with his knees in the air, or doing the set of things with which he has been scheduled in the public prints.

The mystery has all gone out of authorship, leaving it dull and cold to the gaze. We can no longer enthuse over the higher forms of literary art, when we know that its exponents are ordinary men, with whom, after we have read how they pass their time, we would hesitate to associate permanently.

T. L. M.

Post-Pliocene Book Notices

THE Paleozoic Publishing Company announce among their spring productions the latest novel of A. Anthropoid Crusher, in one volume. This work, in half calf and half reindeer concrete, is ably illustrated with five etchings in



Poet: THE VERSES WHICH YOU ARE PERUSING ARE THE PRECIOUS CHILDREN OF MY BRAIN.

Editor: POOR LITTLE ORPHANS.

solid rock, and a frontispiece in Parian marble by the hydraulic process. It is large 1000 mo, and weighs two tons net. It may be bought on the instalment plan in hundred pound lots.

The Granolithic Company, Inc., reports large advance orders for "African Game Sports," by Theodolite Dentatus, now in its fourth quarrying. There are two editions, a pocket edition in limp cement and a de luxe edition in hand split rottenstone. Shipment will be made promptly and the publishers agree to deliver three-hundred-weight a day until the entire volume is supplied.

The economic essays of Andrew Carnivorous may now be bought at all booksellers in plain red brick, with explanatory notes in blue slate. A souvenir bookmark in the shape of a galvanized iron crowbar will be included with each retail order.

Second-hand copies of Clamshelley's poems, in half granite, slightly chipped, are on sale at the local gravel pit.

The prisoners at the county jail are at present cracking stones for a new edition of short stories shortly to be issued by Chisel, Quarrier & Co. This book is to be in three-quarter sandstone, with a carborundum cover, and a colored illustration by Lionbreaker on a specially constructed substratum of rose quartz.

Harold E. Porter.

Books Most in Demand During the Week Ending June 8, 1911

Returns from Various Cities

BOSTON

Marcus Aurelius
Epictetus
Browning's Poems
Kant on Pure Reason
Emerson's Essays
Ibsen's Dramas

CHICAGO

Wind and Weather
Lady of the Lake
Open Country
Molly's Fourth Husband
Songs of the Open

PITTSBURG

The City of Dreadful Night
The Smoke Eaters
The Grafters
An Affair of Dishonor
The Spoilers
The Great Divide
The Sootable Child

NEW YORK

Telephone Directory
Who's Who
The World Almanac
Bradstreet's
Almanach de Gotha
Dun's Commercial Reports

PHILADELPHIA

East Lynne
Children of the Abbey
Thaddeus of Warsaw
Scottish Chiefs
St. Elmo
Edna Browning

INDIANAPOLIS

Who's Hoosier
Alice of Old Ten Cents
Beverly of Graustark
Graustark of Beverly
Poems Here to Hum
The Cows of a Thousand Handles

KANSAS CITY

Pigs Is Pigs
The Call of the Wild

The Prairie
How to Know the Wild Flowers



The man who sells another piano will probably tell you that the Packard is "second best." But you'll find it to be "first best"—if you go to the bottom of the piano question.

Packard pianos and piano players are sold by the better dealers everywhere—or direct by The Packard Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Send for Catalogue GG—and our liberal payment plan—to-day.

Why Not Do It Themselves?

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, in a woman's suffrage address at Albany, said, with a smile:

"Another type of man accuses the woman voter of grafting. Well, we are all prone to accuse others of our own besetting sin. Like the tramp, you know.

"A tramp, after a day or two in our bustling, bustling town of Denver, shook the Denver dust from his boots with a snarl.

"They must be darn lazy people in this town. Everywhere you turn they offer you work to do."

—New York Tribune.

Picked Up Here and There

"It's a shame the way they crowd these cars. The passengers should rise up and insist on getting a chance to sit down."

"You may send me up the complete works of Shakespeare, Goethe and Emerson—also something to read."

While There's
American Hosiery
UNDERWEAR
There's Hope
For Men, Women and Children
"NO BETTER IN THE WORLD"

JUST OUT--SUMMER HOMES

Illustrated Book. With full information in regard to summer resorts on Vermont and shores Lake Champlain. Includes hotel, bora and village home accommodations. Prices \$7 and up. Send 16c stamps for mailing. Address, Summer Homes, No. 9, 345 Broadway, New York.

Mary Garden

sings exclusively
for the

Columbia

—but you can play her Columbia records on
any Graphophone or "talking machine"



This is the NEW COLUMBIA
Grafonola for \$50—"the Favorite"

"I ALWAYS said that *never* would I sing into a phonograph of any kind—but, one does not always live up to everything one says—happily—for after months of tireless persuasion the Columbia Phonograph Company won out, and here I am saying, like every one else that will hear them, that the Columbia Records are without a rival! They are so soft and musical, losing all that beastly metallic quality that mars the phonograph in general. My sincere compliments for their eternal success."

Mary Garden

Columbia Phonograph Co., Gen'l

Box 270 Tribune Building, New York

LONDON: EARLSFIELD, S. W.

Creators of the Talking-machine industry. Pioneers and leaders in the Talking-machine art. Owners of the fundamental patents. Largest manufacturers of Talking-machines in the world. Dealers wanted. Exclusive selling rights granted where we are not actively represented.

"I'd like to dance and I should dance only the music puts me out and the girl gets in my way."

"Yes, her husband robbed her of every cent she had—and just think, she only married him because she was afraid of burglars!"

"Hello! Is this the butcher? Well, you may send me up a roast of beef, and remember, please, butcher, to have it rare. That's the only way my husband can eat it."—Boston Transcript.

ENGLISH TOURS By AUTOMOBILE

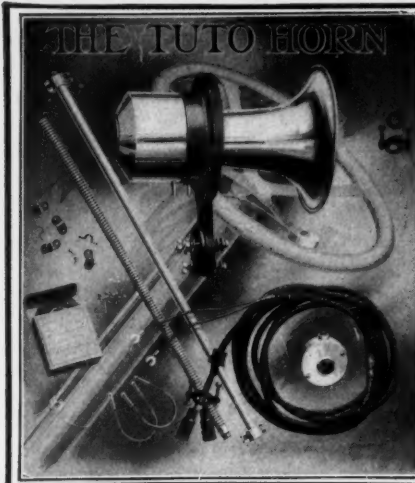
PRIVATE CARS. GO WHERE YOU PLEASE.

Illustrated Booklet Free By Post.

MOTOR TOURING COMPANY,

43 Pembroke Place, - Liverpool, England.
Cables—"Travelling."

O N LAKE GEORGE
The Sagamore Hotel
June-October
The Resort Beautiful
T. E. Krumbholz, Sagamore, N. Y.



Two Horns In One

Two Positive Signals, Loud or Mild, with One Push-Button and One Operation

It does away with all the cumbrous contraptions, and is operated so simply—with the thumb of the free hand—from the button on the steering wheel.

So Simple You Can Quickly Install It Yourself

Adds beauty to the car—always effective and never offensive— instant in operation at all times—practically no cost of operation —starts and stops instantly—changes from mild to loud on same pressure—all parts enclosed in handsome brass tubing.

For Automobiles or Motor Boats

Ask your dealer or write us direct for our free booklets on "Motoring" or "Boating."

The Dean Electric Company 805 TAYLOR ST. ELYRIA OHIO

Milo

The
**Egyptian
Cigarette
of Quality**

**AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY**

At your club or dealer's
THE SURBRUG CO. Makers, New York

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



All the Same in English

One afternoon I chanced to stray
Into a popular café.
While sitting there I heard a waif
Remark: "This is a dandy café."
Which made a smart young woman laugh
And say: "Hear what he calls a café."
When her companion, bright and chaffy,
Remarked: "He should have called it
café."
And to myself I groaned: "Why can't
It still be called a restaurant?"

—Truth.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous"

The Real Curiosity

At a county fair in a Western State, one of the attractions of which was an exhibition of curious animals, there appeared a countryman attended by a large assortment of boys and girls and a wife with a huge sunbonnet.

The countryman took the "barker" for the exhibition into his confidence. "I'd like to go in and see them animals," said he, "but it would be kinder mean to go in without my family; and I can't afford to pay for my wife and fifteen children."

The city-reared "barker" stared at the man in amazement. "Are all those your children?" he asked, gasping.

"Every one of the fifteen," said the man.

"Just wait a minute and I'll fix it up for you," said the obliging "barker." "I'll bring out them animals and let 'em have a look at you and your family."

—Harper's Magazine.

"I've just written a scathing letter denouncing that newspaper, calling it cowardly and spineless," said the indignant citizen. "Did you sign your name to it?" asked the stranger. "No—I signed it 'One who knows.' I didn't want the editor to know who wrote it," he replied.—Detroit Free Press.

Caroni Bitters—One (1) Pony Glass before meals. Best Tonic and Appetizer. No home without it.
Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrib.



ARMS AND THE MAN

Not Intimate

KNICKER: Can you make ends meet?
BOCKER: Well, they meet, but they don't speak.—Harper's Bazar

EUROPE NEXT WINTER

Lady accustomed to European and Mexican travel will cater for young ladies or conduct small party. References exchange M. A. G., East Side P. O., Providence, R. I.

Take a Supply of Evans' Ale With You

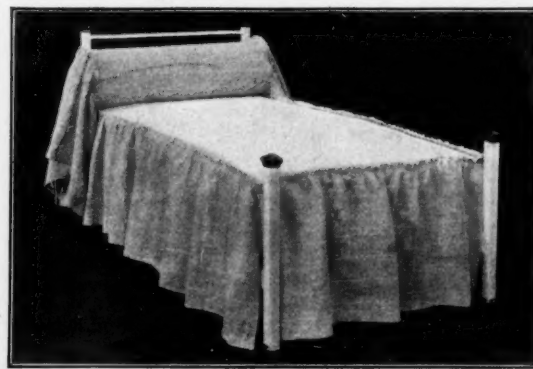
It will make you responsive and appreciative of every thrill of the joyful outing season and you in touch with real holiday happiness.

Just the thing for picnics, automobilizing, fishing, golfing, sailing or loafing.

Apply to nearest dealer or write to

C. H. EVANS & SONS Hudson, N. Y.

Brass and Iron Queen Anne Couch and Bungalow Bed



Produced in Both Round and Square Tubing. Extremely Artistic and Exclusive.

Ideal for Slanting Roof Cottages, Bungalows, and Specially adapted for Combination Sitting and Bedrooms, Studios, Small Apartments, and for the Porch Sleeper. Write for Set of Photographs No. 5.

Also a full line of Brass and Enamel Bedsteads, Luxurious Bedding, Lace Spreads, Etc.

THE WHITCOMB METALLIC BEDSTEAD CO.

Cor. Madison Ave. and 34th St., New York
Works at Shelton, Conn.

"I'll Be Bound"

Said LIFE, and he was. In this form LIFE has a permanent place in every household. The cost is trifling, the result a continuous joy. Write us for full information.

LIFE
17 West 31st Street,
New York



"Mother's lap" it used to be,
Things have changed, as here you see;
Tweedle-dum turns Tweedle-dee,
Now they speak of "mother's knee."



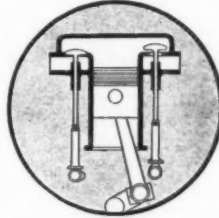
TRACE back your automobile difficulties and you will locate many of them in the cylinders.

Trace back cylinder troubles — pounding, misfiring, etc. — and you will usually find a deposit of carbon.

Trace back the carbon deposit and you will find the fault in the lubricating oil.

There you have the cause of most gas engine difficulties.

After several years of painstaking effort we have produced an oil that marks a distinct advance in gas engine lubrication.



This oil practically eliminates the most frequent cause of gas engine troubles — carbon deposit. The oil is called Polarine.

Polarine Oil maintains at all times an elastic film between the moving surfaces.

It flows freely at all speeds and all temperatures. It does not get too thin at high temperatures, nor congeal at zero.



Polarine

The Polarine brand covers:

Polarine Oil, sold in sealed cans, gallon and half-gallon sizes; or in barrels and half-barrels.

Polarine Transmission Lubricants, in three consistencies for transmissions and differentials, sold in cans of convenient size; also in barrels and half-barrels.

Polarine Cup Grease and **Polarine Fibre Grease**, the latter of high melting point, particularly adapted for use on universal joints. Sold in round cans.

Liberal use of Polarine Lubricants will save you many embarrassing delays and lengthen the life of your car.

Send to our nearest agency for "Polarine Pointers." It includes hints on lubrication and the causes of engine troubles.

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

Usher's Whisky



Ask for the
Black Bottle
with the
Green Stripe

MARTIN & MARTIN

BOOTMAKERS FOR MEN & WOMEN

The Martin & Martin Shoe Service gives you all the advantages of a Custom Service, yet the Shoes are ready-to-wear.

Thousands of our customers have found that Martin & Martin fashionable footwear for men and women gives more style, more comfort—for a longer length of time than any kind they had ever worn.

The Thomas Cort Hand-Sewed Shoes which we represent are of custom quality in every detail. They are sewed over custom lasts, in a shop where every shoe is individually cut, assembled and sewed by HAND.

Among the Summer models we are showing are many new and distinctly modish styles in oxfords and pumps. For sporting wear, our fashionable Golf, Tennis and Yachting Shoes—made of finest selected White Buckskin, with cork-and-rubber soles—are unusually light in weight and non-slipping, which means ease and resiliency in walking, and ensures accuracy to your stroke.

Upon request, we will send our Style Brochure, showing our latest models for Street, Dress and Sport, with particulars describing our Shoe Service-by-Post. All fittings are carefully recorded, so that future orders are correctly filled. Custom department in connection.

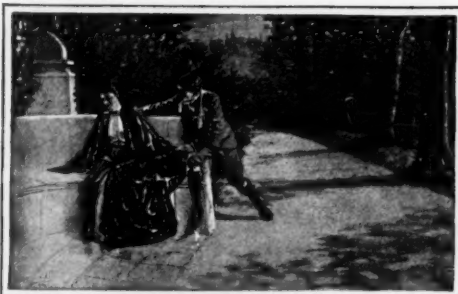
Priced at \$7 upwards

MARTIN & MARTIN
Bootmakers for Men and Women

NEW YORK: 1 East 35th Street
CHICAGO: 183 Michigan Avenue



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ONE THING SHE HAD NOT LEARNED
Photogravure 15 x 20, \$1.00

Makes an excellent Post Graduate Course—instruction free—cannot be taught by correspondence school methods.

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"Excuse me, but would you mind moving a little to one side?
We've got to put a railroad through here."
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are of Special Interest to
College Men and Women

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ARMS AND THE MAN

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All you have to do is to make your selection and the picture or pictures will be sent, carriage prepaid, upon receipt of your remittance.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO.
17 W. 31st St., N. Y. City

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THE STORY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD
Photogravure 15 x 20, \$1.00

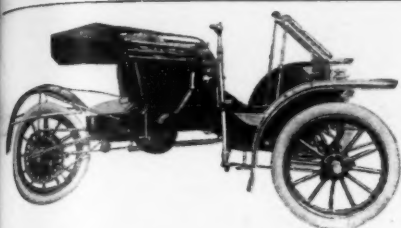
We thought of calling this picture "Springtime on the Campus." Does it stir any memories in your heart? A print that will look well on your walls—no matter how many years have passed since "college days."

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WHAT IT ALL LEADS TO
Photogravure 15 x 20, \$1.00

"The proper study of mankind is man," remarked the poet. Also woman, so what is more logical than that four years of study should end as shown here—in preparation for life study?



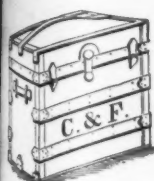
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Your bank president's opinion of you is valuable. When you buy a motor car he will think better of you for buying a Motorette. It gives all you need in a motor car—for \$345. He knows that the Motorette is as well built as a \$5,000 automobile. He knows that it is not for "joy riding" or speeding, but for sane business and pleasure purposes. Investigate the Motorette yourself.

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Send for a Catalog. Ask us the name of your local Motorette dealer. Find out how, by simplicity of design, we are able to sell this sterling quality Motorette at such a low price.

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N. W. Cor. 20th St.

177 Broadway 723 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.
Above Cortlandt Below Forty-Second

Trunks, Bags and Cases

Methuselah's Mistake

A Norwalk correspondent intimates that he thinks Methuselah made a grave mistake in not learning to swim. He seems, as the correspondent remarks, to have dropped out of sight after the flood, and the mournful inference—our correspondent's mournful inference—is that the high water got him.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Contain the best Books of
the day and Current Maga-
zines and Periodicals.
Customers so desiring can
make their own selection.

BRENTANO'S 5th Ave. & 27th St.
New York.

The Hypocrite

One night in Portman Square there
died

A man of riches, fame and pride
He headed many a "free-will" list.
"Death of the Great Philanthropist!"
The newsboys cried, and people said,
"What shall we do now he is dead?"
But they dreamt not—how could they
tell?—

That even then he was in Hell.
And had they known it, their surprise
Were less than glistened in the eyes
Of the rich man himself when he
Awoke to his catastrophe.
He asked of Satan: "Sir, how's this?"
They booked me for the Realms of
Bliss!

I paid to God a million pounds;
I opened recreation grounds;
Endowed of hospitals a score,
Of public libraries still more;
And, out of my unfathomed pity,
Took poor slum children from the city
Twice every year, and gave them buns
Where the shy Thames by Richmond
runs.

And when the Sabbath morn came
round
In church I always might be found—
I dropped my sovereign in the plate,
And, what is more, I ne'er was late.
They called me 'Patron of the Poor,'
I thought my seat in Heaven secure."

And Satan said: "Now tell me, friend,
Of that foul factory near Mile End,
Where, in unmitigated gloom
Deep as the shadow of the tomb,
Weak women stitched their sight away—
For a few wretched pence a day—
That your name might adorn a list,
And you be dubbed 'philanthropist.'"

There was a moment's awful hush;
The wealthy man could only blush.
Then Satan spake again: "Come, sit
Upon my right; a hypocrite
Is of all souls most welcome here—
Myself of hypocrites am peer—
Around, my lesser angels stand;
Sit you, my friend, at my right hand!"
—Gilbert Thomas in *The New Age*.

The Horror of It

ROGERS: Our bank of deposit has
stopped payment.

MRS. ROGERS: Oh, John! And I have
three of those lovely blank checks which
will have to be wasted.—*Harper's Bazar*.

THE mixture of religious cant and
business is at times a wee bit nauseating,
but there is one man alive who put his
foot down.

"I think I'd suit, sir," observed the
meek applicant for the berth. "I've got
a recommendation from my clergyman
that—"

"That is very good, indeed," inter-
rupted the other, "excellent. As I
shan't need you on Sundays, however,
I'd prefer a reference from somebody
who can vouch for you during the
week."—*Sporting Times*.

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Perfumes and
Soaps of highest
Quality Only.



Living Loveliness

In beauty of face, what appeals
most directly and most intensely
to our admiration is the beauty
which glows and beams with life
and animation—in a word, the
beauty that is natural.

A chief element in the realiza-
tion of such beauty is a dainty
complexion, and the greatest
aid to a lovely complexion is

Pears' Soap

This is such a universally accepted
truth as to be almost proverbial. The
most beautiful women of the last
hundred and twenty years have
declared it to be matchless for the
complexion. Being all pure soap,
possessing special emollient properties
that soften, refine and beautify the
skin, it is indisputably

The Beauty Soap of the World





Caution to Purchasers of Tops

Pantasote, a product of our exclusive manufacture, is a top material of uniform high quality, recognized by those of experience as unexcelled. In many cases unscrupulous dealers substitute cheap, inferior materials to increase their profits at the purchaser's expense. The average person cannot distinguish PANTASOTE from these substitutes, as they look somewhat alike when new.

The label as shown above is the only absolute assurance of the genuine Pantasote—look for it on the top. The dealer has no excuse for not using labels, as they are sent free of charge with every yard of Pantasote.

PANTASOTE is superior to mohairs for many reasons—two in particular, the impossibility of cleaning them and the ruination of their interlining gum of very impure rubber by exposure to grease or sunlight, as are tires.

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Riding Suits, Flannels, Blazers.
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Newport Branch: 262 Bellevue Avenue after June 10th



SPARKS FROM OLD ANVILS

Paying One's Debts

(The Fiscal and Blaise)

Fisc.—Good-day, Master Blaise.

Blaise.—Your servant, good Fiscal, but call me Mister Blaise. That's my right.

Fisc.—Aha! I understand. Your fortune has raised your quality. So be it, Master Blaise. I rejoice at your good fortune, of which your children have just informed me. I congratulate you, and at the same time beg you to return to me the fifty francs which you have owed me for a month.

Blaise.—That's true. I recognize that debt, but I cannot pay it. That would be a source of reproach to me.

Fisc.—How? You cannot pay it? Why?

Blaise.—Because that would not be worthy of a person of my means. That would turn everything to confusion.

Fisc.—You call it confusion! Did not I lend you my money?

Blaise.—Assuredly. I have nothing to say against that. You gave it to me; I received it; I owe it to you; I have given you my note for it, which you have only to keep carefully. Come from time to time to demand your due. I won't prevent you. I'll put you off. At the worst you come again. I'll put you off again, and thus, from date to date, our time will pass by properly. That's the way these things are done.

Fisc.—Surely you are making fun of me!

Blaise.—By no means. Put yourself in my place. Do you wish me to lose my reputation for the sake of fifty miserable francs? Are they worth the disadvantage of being looked on as a great fellow for paying? One must be reasonable. If it can be done without prejudice to my affairs I'll give you the money with the greatest pleasure. I have it; here it is. I can let you have it as a loan—that's good practice; but in payment—that would never do.

Fisc. (to himself).—I see how it's to be done. (Aloud) You say that you may lend me money, then?

Blaise.—Assuredly.

Fisc.—It is itself a noble privilege, and, what is more, suits you better than any other, for I have noticed that you are generous by nature.

Blaise (laughing and bridling up).—Yes, true, that's not bad. You put it well. You must get on the right side of us great folks. I have, in fact, great virtues, since they cost me nothing. And, at the worst, I need not show them. There you have the whole business.

Fisc.—I foresee that you will have many virtues of the latter kind.

Blaise (giving him a little pat on the shoulder).—That's true, Mister Fiscal, that's true. By Heaven, but you please me!

Fisc.—That's a great honor for me.

Blaise.—I don't say no.

Fisc.—We'll talk no more about what you owe me.

Blaise.—Oh, but you must talk of it! I want you to. It'll be amusing.

Fisc.—As you wish. I, for my part, will thus satisfy the dignity of your new condition, and you'll pay me when you please.

Blaise.—Good; in a few dozen of years.

Fisc.—In a hundred, if you choose. We'll leave that. But you have a noble heart, and I have a favor to ask of you—namely, that you will be so kind to lend me fifty francs.

Blaise.—Here they are, Fiscal, take them. I am only too pleased to serve you.

Fisc.—I am an honest man. Now I tear up your note and I am paid.

Blaise.—You are paid? Oh, but that's rascally of you! By Heaven, this is no way in which to trick people of my condition out of their honor! This is an affront!

Fisc.—What an odd fellow you are. This virtue of yours is costing you nothing!—*The Village Heir*, by Pierre de Marivaux.

It is not easy to be a widow; one must resume all the modesty of girlhood without being allowed even to feign its ignorance.—*Mme. de Girardin*.

The Complicated Ceremony of Shaving

Nothing can be of little importance if one be compelled to attend to it every day of our lives. If we shaved but once a year, or once a month, the execution of the thing would be hardly worth naming; but this is a piece of work that must be done once every day; and as it may cost only about five minutes of time, and may be, and frequently is, made to cost thirty, or even fifty, minutes, and as only fifteen minutes make about a fifty-eighth part of the hours of our average daylight, this being the case, this is a matter of real importance. I once heard Sir John Sinclair ask Mr. Cochrane Johnstone whether he meant to have a son of his (then a little boy) taught Latin. "No," said Mr. Johnstone, "but I do mean to do something a great deal better for him." "What is that?" said Sir John. "Why," said the other, "teach him to shave with cold water and without a glass." Which I dare say, he did; and for which benefit I

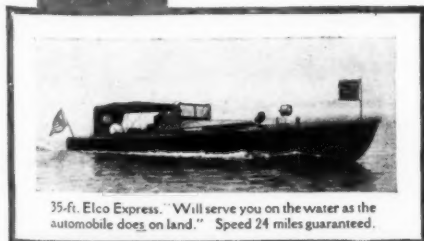


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Water Level Route — You can sleep



am sure that son has good reason to be grateful.

Only think of the inconvenience attending the common practice! There must be hot water. To have this there must be a fire, and, in some cases, a fire for that purpose alone. To have these there must be a servant, or you must light a fire yourself. For the want of these the job is put off until a later hour. This causes a stripping and another dressing bout. Or you go in a slovenly state all that day, and the next day the thing must be done or cleanliness must be abandoned altogether. If you be on a journey you must wait the pleasure of the servants at the inn before you can dress and set out in the morning. The pleasant time of traveling is gone before you can move from the spot. Instead of being at the end of your day's journey in good time, you are benighted and have to endure all the great inconveniences attendant on tardy movements. And all this from the apparently insignificant affair of shaving!—"Advice to a Youth."

The affectation of virtue which characterizes this century would be very ludicrous, if it were not very tiresome. —T. Gautier.

Glory, ambition, armies, fleets, thrones, crowns, playthings of grown children.—Victor Hugo.

Women prefer us to say a little evil of them rather than say nothing of them at all.—A. Ricard.

A philosopher is a fool who torments himself during life, to be spoken of when dead.—D'Alembert.

The man who enters his wife's dressing-room is either a philosopher or a fool.—Balzac.

This is
Jericho

THE PERFECT
MOTOR CAR
SIGNAL

"Warns Without
Offence"



A Pleasing Tone
An Insistent Warning

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Soaps at Moderate
Prices.
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New Mental Era Dawning



VIBRATORY SOURCES OF JOY,
THROUGH THE MENTAL LIFE,
GRADUALLY DEEPENING FOR
ALL.

It is highly amusing to us to have people comment on the fact that the world is suddenly getting so much better.

We knew all this so long ago that it is an old story with us.

The coarse physical world is the very last to feel the effect of any movement.

You think a thought first. It is vibrated outward. By and by it begins to be manifested in the physical world. Then everybody (in that world) exclaims, "Here's something new!"

Months ago the Mental Life had a restricted circulation of fifteen millions, which of course kept the number of those who were capable of entering into the joy life down to a narrow circle.

This was due to the fact that we would not get any competent yogis. Why, some of the yogis who applied for a position in our thought department didn't have imaginary brains enough to milk a mental reindeer.

Gee Ime Mit had to work overtime himself, recording vibrations.

But suddenly we discovered that we could increase the efficiency of this department wonderfully by searching for yogis in unexpected places. We picked up nearly a dozen of them in one week at Jamaica Plains.

This led us to have a recording capacity that was practically unlimited.

We then threw open the subscription list, so that everybody could come in who wanted to, by subscribing fifteen mental dollars. All you had to do was to concentrate on Gee Ime Mit, and will the fifteen to go to him, and in a short time you began to receive the Mental Life.

This Mental Life, acting upon your subliminal self, put you at once on the first harmonic plane. Little by little you became aware of your subliminal self—and the rest was easy.

Many of our subscribers are now enjoying the wonders of Prana, who, only a short year ago, were leading brainless lives sitting in clubs or automobiles.

In the meantime, the effect of all this was indescribable. Carnegie began to give away his money recklessly. Mr. Morgan developed a conscience. Other things will come naturally and easily as soon as all the forces begin to work together.

No noblemen will marry American girls. Reno will decline and fall. The tariff will vanish.

Custom-House officers will vibrate only joy thoughts to all. Presidential messages will be cut down to six hundred words, or about the same number as the creation of the world was told in.

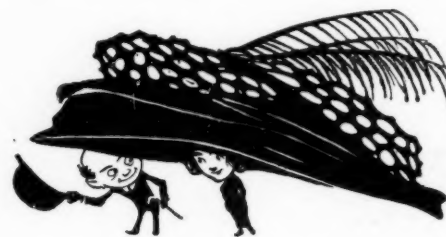
After-dinner speakers will go into the silence. Hamilton Mabie will stop writing for the Ladies' Home Journal. The Century Magazine will no longer publish a humorous department. In short, all the wrongs will be righted, and the world will enter into its own.

Before this happens, however, there are a few more subscribers to come in yet, and we urge them to do this as early as possible.

At present we are employing special agents, who do nothing but sit at home and vibrate invitations to subscribe to the Mental Life.

Progress is necessarily slow, however, for the reason that everyone who subscribes must do so voluntarily. Then,

again, we can only influence the subliminal self, and to those who are only on the plane of the



coarse physical life, of course, no knowledge of their subliminal self is possible.

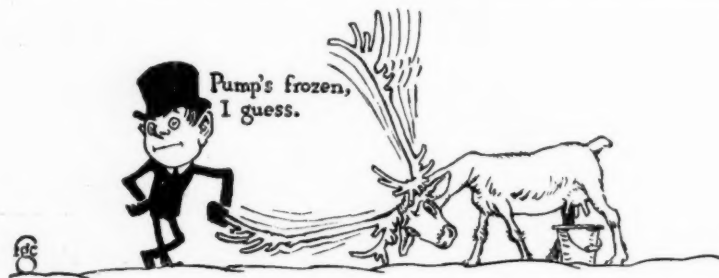
The bright side is, however, that it takes so little effort to subscribe. An idle wish, an instant's concentration, will often do the business; if not at once, it generally leads to another impulse, which comes later in greater strength.

We are now looking for young, handsome and vivacious clairvoyants who are capable of leading a double life—we mean that they can go into a trance when necessary and yet who can also force themselves to enjoy some of the material things. We expect in this way through them to lead many into the first harmonic plane. We have just

advanced our advertising rates to three hundred dollars a page. Copy inserted at any moment.

Borrow a million at once and take space. It will pay you to do it.

No security required. We lend any amount to those who have subscribed.





"Coming events cast
their shadows before"
Good Health, Digestion
and Pleasure in store

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

In NEW Sterilized Bottles only

New Mental Era Dawning

We are glad to announce that we have secured the services of Horace Flaccus, Aristophanes, Juvenal, Diogenes Laertius; and a man named Jeremiah, whom we are creditably informed was a celebrated humorist who lived just after the flood, to contribute regularly.

The subscription price, however, will remain the same. Centre page cartoon next week by Michael Angelo.

Concentrate on Gee. Ime.
Mit. (He will get it.)



ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes



Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, tender, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold everywhere 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

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Splendid fishing, yachting, bathing and golfing.
Cool breezes always.
Send for "Quaint Cape Cod." It's free.
Write Advertising Bureau, Room 655
South Station, Boston

Reflections of a Motorist

It's a wrong wheel knows no turning.
A motor by any other name would
smell as sweet.

Keep your eye on the road, lest you
get the road on your eye.

A spark-plug that can spark and won't
spark ought to be plugged.

Never judge the modesty of a chauffeur
by his failure to blow his horn.

Be careful of your lights. Many an
unlighted car has lit finally in a ditch.

In speeding over the highways of Boston,
stop, look, and listen for trains of thought.

Do not try conclusions with a bounding
trolley. In the last analysis there is
but one.

One may scold a horse for balking,
but only a foolish motorist would blow
up his car for the same reason.

In the matter of carbon deposits even
the most extravagant motorist finds it
difficult to overdraw his account.

In that fabled race between the hare
and the tortoise there is reason to suspect
that the winner was a motor that
had turned turtle.

The difference between "taxis" and
"taxes" is only a matter of one little
letter. In the end experience teaches
that they come to about the same thing.

If motoring becomes our national
sport, as we sometimes believe it is to
be, perhaps for a national flower it
would be appropriate to adopt the carnation.

It is a strong tire that, with the example
set it by joy-riders, can resist all
temptation to indulge in a little "blow-
out" on its own hook now and then.

In striking your bargain with the
rural police on your way out, remember
that it is a poor constable who cannot
be worked both ways.

In speeding over the country roads
great courtesy always with courtesy.
Many a chauffeur who has ignored the
simple thank-you-marms of the rural
districts has ended by going up in the
air.

Avoid undue pride in your car, even
if it has beautiful yellow wheels and a
scarlet body; lest, when you come to try
to sell it, you find that you are permanently
stuck on it.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Work of Genius

An ideally brief and delightful advertisement
comes from a London shop
window. It runs:

Our trousers five shillings a leg. All
seats free.—*Youth's Companion.*

MISS KAY: I am told your husband,
under the influence of the wine at dinner
the other evening, declared he had
"married beauty and brains."

MRS. BEE: Well, well, how nice!

MISS KAY: Nice? Aren't you going
to investigate? Evidently he's a bigamist.—*Boston Globe.*

THE "pay-as-you-enter" plan of electing
Senators begins to look like a back
number.—*Omaha Bee.*

ABOUT BOOKS

At the head of the fiction of the year stands

The Broad Highway

By JEFFERY FARNOL

No novel issued for a long time has evoked such
generous and unanimous praise as Jeffrey Farnol's
romance. Here is the record of our printings to
supply the public demand:

1st printing, Dec. 23; 2d, Jan. 26; 3d, Feb. 8; Published
Feb. 11; 4th printing, Feb. 14; 5th, Feb. 24; 6th, March 10;
7th, March 29; 8th, April 29; 9th, May 9.

BUT THE BROAD HIGHWAY is no mere "best
seller." It is not only the season's biggest success
thus far, but it gives every indication of taking its
place among those few novels, that by reason of
their universal appeal, achieve permanence beyond
their day and generation.

To quote just a few reviews:

"The novel of a decade."—*London Graphic.*

"A remarkable book. It is simply human nature, sweetening
and ennobling."—*New York Herald.*

"A completely delightful novel."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"A story that pulsates with life and overflows with originality."—*Boston Transcript.*

"An enchanting book. A series of incidents as swift as any
of the romances of Dumas."—*London Daily Telegraph.*

"It almost seems as if the genius of a Dickens, or a Thackeray
had been reperisified suddenly."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

THE BROAD HIGHWAY is a long book of
532 pages that readers find all too short. \$1.35
net; by mail \$1.46.

Another striking novel that has already made a
name for its author in England is

The Early History of Jacob Stahl

By J. D. BERESFORD

Here is a story dealing with the life, loves and
friendships of a young man who, despite physical
weakness and early mistakes, develops character
but remains human.

The *London Morning Post* says: "J. D. Beresford has written
a very remarkable book. We recommend this book to all
who like a brilliant psychological novel."

The *Chicago Tribune* says: "The book grips the reader with
great strength, fascinates him by the keenness of its psychological
analysis."

The *New York Herald* says: "A remarkable first book."

JACOB STAHL is a 513-page book, price \$1.35
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The Old Dance Master

By WM. ROMAINE PATERSON

Here is a character story with a distinct Dickensian
touch that has been favorably compared to
Warfield's great dramatic creation, "The Music
Master."

The *New York Sun* says: "The lightness of touch, the humor
and the wit of 'The Old Dance Master,' will be thoroughly
enjoyed by the reader. Mr. Paterson's fantastic story is
charming. The separate scenes are as vivid and humorous as
anything Dickens has written."

327 pages, \$1.25 net; by mail, \$1.36.

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The Sense and Nonsense of Christian Science, by Leon C. Prince. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.00 net.)

The Career of the Child, by Maximilian P. E. Groszmann, Ph.D. (R. G. Badger, Boston. \$2.50 net.)

Thurley Ruxton, by Philip Verrill Mighels. (Desmond Fitzgerald. \$1.20 net.)

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The Street of To-day, by John Masefield. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.)

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Young Mrs. Morton, by Mary A. Fisher. (Cochrane Publishing Company)

From Rough Rider to President, by Max Kullnick. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.)

Miss Gibbie Gault, by Kate Langley Bosher. (Harper & Bros. \$1.20 net.)

The Great English Novelists, by Wm. J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson. (Two vols., each \$1.00 net.)

To-day and Other Poems, by Francis Lyman Windolph. (Lancaster, Pa.)

Sam's Kid, by F. E. Mills Young. (John Lane Company. \$1.50.)

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